The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XVIII | New York, Saturday, March 1, 1919 | Number 226

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PRESIDENT WILSON'S Boston address could hardly have been better conceived to enlist the support of the American people for the project of a League of Nations. America has played a great part in the war and is expected by the nations to play a still greater part in the work of establishing a just and permanent peace. So much we knew already, but the President gives such vigorous expression to the idea of America's place in the great events of the day that no American, however much he may have opposed the President's policies, can remain altogether cold. A settlement which does not provide for an international organization to keep the peace, the President asserts with deliberate emphasis, will be a scrap of paper. The war will have been won almost to no purpose, since its fruits will be held by an utterly precarious tenure. That is the simple truth, as the Allied peoples fully realize, and as the American people, if they do not realize it yet, will certainly realize when the case has been argued before them. President Wilson announces that he will joyfully meet his opponents on the issue of acceptance or repudiation of the responsibility that circumstance has thrust upon America. Well he might. There are many signs that the challenge will not be too eagerly accepted.

SHORT as the time is which President Wilson will spend in this country before he resumes his labors in Paris and jammed as the few weeks will be with indispensable business interviews and speeches, we hope that he will spend part of it in expounding not the idea of a League of Nations, but the actual instrument, recently prepared in Paris. He could communicate to Congress his willingness to appear before the two Houses in joint session for the purpose of answering definite questions as to the meaning and probable effect of particular articles and clauses in the proposed constitution of the League of Nations. He could stipulate that he would not answer any merely controversial or hostile questions. He would not propose to appear before Congress either to be heckled or engaged in a debate with Congressmen about the need and nature of an organized society of nations. He would only be proposing to give to Congress an opportunity to elicit an authoritative exposition of specific provisions of the proposed constitution. An exposition of this kind prepared for the purpose of clearing up ambiguous passages and answering widespread fears and scruples is very much needed. It would do more than any other method of exposition not only to assist Congressmen in understanding the spirit and text of the instrument but in assisting to a similar understanding many thousands of interested American citizens. The President is the only man who is fully qualified to expound and interpret the text in detail. If he could only take the time to do so, he would employ the hours which he dedicated to the task in the way best calculated to avoid the opposition and secure the support of his fellow countrymen.

THE New Republic recently exhibited some impatience at the prominence in Allied counsels in Paris of a man like Sergius Sazonoff "who alone among Allied statesmen share complicity

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" with the Germans for welcoming the war and for working to bring it on." The New York Tribune protests that Sazonoff was " frantic for peace " and was ready to concede anything to obtain it short of a complete abandonment and betrayal of Serbia. Is the Tribune aware that Sazonoff, according to the testimony elicited at the trial of General Soukhomlinoff, was one of a group at the Russian Imperial Court, which conspired to deceive the German Embassy, the Tsar and France as to the extent of the Russian mobilization? The Tsar had ordered partial mobilization on the Austrian frontier, which under the circumstances was an entirely justifiable precaution. But the Russian General Staff with Sazonoff's knowledge actually ordered general mobilization, directed also against Germany. When Germany protested the Chief of Staff lied to his own master about what he was doing. It was this general mobilization of the Russian army which enabled the war party to prevail in Berlin and which gave to it a plausible excuse for forcing an issue. If Russia had not completely mobilized, a diplomacy of conciliation would have had a much better chance of succeeding. Complete Russian mobilization constituted no excuse for the German declaration of war, because the sufficient answer to mobilization is not war but countermobilization. But the furtive military preparations of the Russian General Staff are the one weakness in the diplomatic record of the Allies, and, according to the information now available, Sazonoff is the statesman who is responsible for its existence. He is also the statesman who refused to allow the question of liberating Poland to become a matter for international discussion. Finally, he has, we understand, the unenviable record of having opposed the Russian Revolution from its inception to the present day. What has he to do with the counsels of a group of nations whose statesmen are seeking to provide international safeguards for popular liberties?

IN the same article the Tribune calls attention to a passage in a book written by one of the editors of the New Republic and published in the fall of 1909. In this passage it was stated that " war may be and has been a useful and profitable engine of national policy." The wars which the writer had in mind in writing this passage were those which preceded and were necessary to the unification of Italy and Germany and the liberation of Italian and German national life from foreign interference. As long as one nation does presume to interfere with the free political development of other nations and will fight rather than abandon such interference, war is manifestly an indispensable instrument of national policy. It was because the map contained so many oppressed nationalities which could not be freed except by war that the author of the quoted passage never participated in any pre-war pacifist agitation. It is because a genuine effort is now being made to reorganize Europe on a basis of federalist nationalism that war may to that extent cease to be a justifiable instrument of national policy. There is no discrepancy between the passage quoted by the Tribune and the recent advocacy of a League of Nations by the New Republic. Indeed, if the Tribune had gone a little further in its exploration of the book in question, it might have discovered the passage in the following paragraph which, considering that it was written some twelve years ago, has been rather remarkably vindicated by events.

ON page 312 of the Promise of American Life it is declared that America should be prepared " to interfere under certain circumstances in what may at first appear to be a purely European controversy," because in no other way could the United States live up to " the general obligation of a democratic nation to make its foreign policy serve the cause of international peace. Hitherto the American preference and desire for peace has constituted the chief justification for its isolation. At some future time the same purpose, just in so far as it is sincere and rational, may demand intervention. The American responsibility in this respect is similar to that of any peace-preferring European Power. If it wants peace, it must be spiritually and physically prepared to fight for it. Peace will prevail in international relations, just as order prevails within a nation, because of the righteous use of superior force—because the power which makes for pacific organization is stronger than the power which makes for warlike organization. It looks as if at some future time the power of the United States might well be sufficient, when thrown into the balance, to tip the scales in favor of a comparatively peaceful settlement of international complications. Under such conditions a policy of neutrality would be a policy of irresponsibility and unwisdom." So far as we know, the foregoing paragraph, written as we have said in 1909, is the only published anticipation of the part which the United States, under the President's leadership, has played in the great war and it foreshadows the attitude towards the issues of that war which has determined the international policy of the New Republic.

THE death of Sir Wilfred Laurier deprives Canada of the most striking personage in its political life. For over forty years he had been the leading figure of the liberal party and for fif-

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teen the Prime Minister of the Dominion. No one had done so much as he to transcend the narrowness of religious and racial division in the interests of Canada as a whole. With him, liberalism was something more than the figure of speech it had been on the lips of too many of his followers. He stood firmly by the idea of reciprocity with the United States at a time when such "pro-Americanism" was freely interpreted as disloyalty to the empire. He was the protagonist of the idea that Canada was the sister-commonwealth of Great Britain and no longer her obedient underling. His opposition to conscription two years ago resulted in the collapse of his party; but the issue against which he stood was decided less by the force of argument than by sinister methods of compulsion. His death leaves a gap it seems at the moment impossible to fill. No other statesman commands the confidence of French Canada. No other liberal has the prestige essential to the reunion of the scattered liberal forces. Nor have Sir Robert Borden and his followers anything like the moral prestige which gave Sir Wilfred his commanding position. So long as he was in command of his party, there was a real antithesis between liberal and reactionary forces; and the less admirable elements in French Canadian life could make no headway against his determination to transcend their localism. His death is likely to lead to a racial schism within his party which it will be in a high degree difficult to overcome.

THE assassinations in Munich reveal the treacherous nature of the crust of public order which covers the seething discontent of the German people. The national government and the constituent assembly are proceeding with their work with a brave show of confidence that the democratic régime they are organizing will function smoothly. But they are fully aware that all the materials are present for a most terrible revolutionary explosion. The people are hungry, and facing famine; the discharged soldiers are humiliated by defeat and embittered by the lack of employment. The old ruling classes are still present at the centres of possible action: they are effacing themselves for the time, but no one imagines that they have given up hope of returning to power. They have not forgotten their Machiavellian arts, nor will they be backward in applying them to foment revolution if it appears to them that after the revolution they may be welcomed back by an exhausted people. There are many signs that a crisis is approaching. Probably it will not break until the definitive peace terms are made known to Germany. Then those who hope to profit by disorder will seize upon every point in which the peace terms depart, or appear to depart, from the principles laid down when the armistice was signed. If the German people can be made to believe that the present government has betrayed them to exploitation and degradation, the days of that government are numbered.

THE Government at Washington now has recognized and has admitted its error in disbanding the War Industries Board and in remitting the whole process of readjustment to the un-co-ordinated activities of millions of private business men. The New Republic, at that time, maintained that the hand of government would be needed. It was needed first, beyond refusal, in the copper industry. The copper industry, unable to sell its accumulations of metal, was obliged to curtail production and to reduce wages. In order to prevent that reduction of wages from leading to widespread disturbances in the copper districts, the government was obliged to summon a large body of the representatives of the labor of the copper districts to Washington, where the state of the industry was frankly discussed and where joint measures by government and labor and capital for the stimulation of purchases and for the promotion of the export trade were outlined. A somewhat similar policy of common counsel and of common effort is now adopted for business at large. At the solicitation of Secretary Redfield, the President has sanctioned a new Price Conference Board. The essential idea of this Board is that the government is the one existing composite representation of the consumers of America, and that in that capacity it can be of great assistance in leading the minds of the consumers to knowledge and to courage in making purchases of our accumulated stocks of basic commodities. Following that idea boldly, the Board should be of supreme value to the United States in hastening the day of a completely active resumption of trade.

Borah the Fable-maker

THERE is no city or village so remote from the great current of the world's affairs as not to be alive to the significance of news from Washington. For the ultimate political powers of the nations have become momentarily focussed as the political powers of the several parts of a great state focus themselves in a constituent assembly. But the powers of the world have drawn together, not in one focus but in two, Paris and Washington. In either there resides absolute veto power. Let the diplomats in Paris overreach themselves in interpolating particular advantage into the charter of

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the general good, and Washington will draw away. Let the politicians of Washington restrict and cripple the effective powers of the League in the supposed interest of American nationalism, and Paris will draw away. There may be an alliance of England, France, Italy and Japan, to endure so long as rival imperialistic ambitions stand in favorable conjuncture, but there can be no permanent organization of the nations. And if there can be no organization of the nations it is certain as anything can be that the late war was but a prelude to an epoch of disorders that will all but obliterate the familiar characters of our civilization. The forces now unloosed will never come to an equilibrium until there is a single power competent to maintain the peace, a power constituted either by mutual organization or by the process of imperial absorption of the small by the great. There is still time to choose; and veto power resides in Washington.

Therefore the world has been waiting with the anxiety of attention born of the dread of infinite agonies and disorders for a sign from Washington. And now the sign is revealed. Poindexter, Borah and Reed have spoken. Poindexter and Reed are known as far as Thibet and Timbuctoo as mere empty sounds in a desert of inanities. But Borah, advertised abroad as one of our great legal authorities, an orator and politician of courage and independence: what does his message reveal? A curiously petty man detailing an incredibly silly fable designed to evoke a cheap laugh at the expense of a sincere and generous minded political leader. Borah may be distinguished in history as one of the forces of reaction that stood between the hundreds of millions and their desperate need of peace. But more likely he will be remembered only as the man who sneered at Taft; Taft who has risen as every real leader of America does somehow rise above personal and partisan motive; Taft who is laboring with single-hearted devotion for the honor and dignity of America, unmindful of the fact that the chief credit for his work will fall to the man who ousted him from the President's chair.

But a fable is a fable; wretched taste is not a mortal offense, in a politician. What of the meat of Borah's manifesto? Let us examine it in detail.

"We are now proposing the most radical departure from our policies hitherto obtaining that has been proposed at any time since our government was established." We are. We have heard the cries of twenty million human beings miserably perishing in consequence of the lawlessness of the policies hitherto obtaining here and abroad. A small proportion of those were our own men; yet not so small a proportion that we have not cause to ponder upon the next war, fatally implicit in the old policies; the next war in which we may not be a belated if determined participant.

Because, Borah argues, the project is a departure from established policies, it should at least be submitted to a referendum. What are those policies? Washington's warning against entangling alliances, and the Monroe Doctrine. Were these ever submitted to a referendum, or even to a vote of the Senate? Yet they were bold departures in their day. The first threw upon its own resources our American state, at that time a string of scattered settlements, everywhere exposed to invasion by sea. It thrust aside the guarantee of a powerful European alliance, although it was by such an alliance that the American state had won its independence. The Monroe Doctrine was an even bolder departure. By it we challenged the whole world, if the world were minded to encroach anywhere upon our continent, and at a time when America's military and naval power weighed very light in the international scale. Today we are the chief military power in the world, but we have citizens whose knees knock together in terror at the thought of our assuming a share of responsibility, relatively insignificant in comparison with those assumed by Washington and Monroe. "At least a referendum." On what? On the details of a treaty? But those are reserved to the Senate by the Constitution. On the treaty making clause of the Constitution, to enable our negotiators to bind us forever to the League, by fundamental law as well as by honor? The bonds of honor are sufficient for an honorable people.

"Why quit our own land to stand upon foreign ground?" demands the Senator. That question would have been pertinent, if not prudent, when we were making up our minds about entering the war. But on what ground are our armies now standing on the Rhine? "Are we not interweaving our destiny with European Powers when we join a League of Nations?" We interwove our destiny with that of European Powers when we turned the tide of the war. The settlement is in a peculiar sense our settlement. Are we to declare our indifference to the maintenance of the settlement for which American treasure has been poured out, American blood shed? Not even Senator Borah could urge this. Our destinies are interwoven in fact. Shall we define our consequent responsibility and act with despatch when action is necessary or leave the matter to unwritten law, tardily recognized, tardily enforced, when the mischief is almost beyond repair? That is the real issue.

"The ex-President has said the Monroe Doctrine is covered and extended to the world. That was

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the condition before Monroe announced it. The world was one. Monroe determined to separate, divide, divorce it." If this were indeed the purpose of Monroe, his Doctrine has gone the way of all history, for our armies are on the Rhine and our commissioners in Paris. But nobody, not even Senator Borah, can seriously impute to Monroe a purpose of merely barren division. "The American continents, by the free and independent conditions which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered subjects for future colonization by any European Powers. . . . We owe it therefore to candor and the amicable relations existing between the United States and these Powers [the Powers of the Holy Alliance, contemplating a crusade against representative government] to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any part of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." That is the Monroe Doctrine; wherein lies the purpose of splitting the world in two? There is no such purpose in it even as amplified by Polk, "our settled policy, that no future European colony or dominion shall with our consent be planted or established in any part of the North American continent." It is not the Monroe Doctrine that will be abrogated through an agreement with the other Powers by the terms of which any Old World state attempting aggression upon the American continents will challenge the power not only of America but that of all the other European states besides. Monroe meant to guarantee the Americas against aggression from overseas; the League adds signatures to the bond. Borah's spiritual father was not Monroe but the senile Jefferson, who wrote "Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with Cis-Atlantic affairs."

The American states are guaranteed against encroachment on the part of European Powers under the terms of the proposed League. But are not the other American states also guaranteed against encroachment on the part of the United States? The Monroe Doctrine, Americans have asserted, is not a declaration of a protectorate in the European imperialistic sense. It is not a cloak for aggression. We have felt aggrieved when Latin Americans have doubted our good faith in the matter. But were we justly aggrieved? Not if Borah is our spokesman. "Suppose threat of danger should come from Mexico, or from Mexico and its allies?" Is it not a terrible thing that we should have to submit our case to the judgment of the world, instead of seeing danger when we please and settling with it as we please, even by annexation if that seems good to us? All that Austria-Hungary asked, in 1914, was to be allowed to settle the Serbian danger without interference. The "Serbian danger" was a shameless pretext for conquest, but not a whit more shameless than the pretext of a Mexican danger conjured up by Senator Borah. And if Borah's design is veiled, its echo in Reed's speech is sufficiently explicit. "Say there is a dispute with Mexico over oil wells. . . . Instantly this body of foreign speaking delegates [the League Executive Council] would advise as to the 'territorial and political independence' of Mexico and determine for us what might be done about it." Borah and Reed ought to move an amendment to the League constitution to exclude oil disputes from its proper domain. That might smooth the waters, miraculously.

Not the Monroe Doctrine, not the honorable principles of American internationalism, but the hungry aspirations of a handful of American profiteers are prejudiced by the provisions making American disputes, like all other disputes, matter of common concern and common action. And if on this occasion we make our principles a cloak for our greed, we need never again expect a Latin American to regard us as anything but prospective enemies and plunderers. We shall stand before the Americas and the world not for what we are but for what the usurpers of our national honor make us seem.

There was room for Senator Borah to criticize the basis of representation in the League with constructive intent. One nation one vote, that is the basis of representation in the body of the delegates, and in the long run it cannot be satisfactory. The greater populations have more at stake than the lesser, and tenuous as the powers of this body of delegates may be, absolute equality smacks of unfairness. One vote in the Executive Council for each of the five great Powers and four for the rest of the world, that will eventually be recognized as an undue concentration of power. Governments, not peoples, are represented in the League, and that is a grave weakness. There is still time for sincere criticism to affect the constitution of the League. What is before us is just a draft, flexible to the will of the peoples, if that will can find expression. Nowhere could it find more effective expression, at the present time, than through the United States Senate. But let anyone who undertakes to criticize the document as it stands bear in mind the facts as they stand. The architects of the League have to build with materials they can rely on, and for the present their chief reliance is the five great Powers. It was more important to build compactly than grandiosely.

Out of this compromise with apparent necessity Senator Borah erects against England a charge of

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duplicity which he wraps decently in professed admiration for British diplomacy. Her possessions are guaranteed against attack from without. Well, what would we have? The transfer of British colonies to other imperial states by war? No; autonomy, independence in the end, perhaps; but against this the League offers no guarantee. Britain will have everything her own way in the organization. She packs the body of delegates with her colonies; she packs the executive council with her allies. Let us consider what modifications we would propose. To exclude Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa? But are not these self-governing states in every realistic sense of the term? Was England ever able to conscript men from them, or draw revenues from them? No, their contribution was voluntary, and Canada and Australia paid more lives for victory than we. To deny those states a vote, along with Belgium and Portugal, the Czecho-Slovaks and the Poles would be as absurd as unjust. Will England vote them in the body of the delegates? No more than she will vote us. Like us the British colonials are biassed by common language and common ideas of right and expediency in favor of England. The Latin states might properly protest the multiplication of Anglo-American votes. Not we.

England will enter the Executive Council with her vote supported by those of Italy and Japan, says Mr. Borah. They remain allies. Not, however, inconsistently with the League. If they did hang together, that would be only three votes out of nine. But would they hang together against America? England forfeiting her understanding with America out of regard for Japan or Italy?

The League as proposed is not a legislative body: it is an organization for the amicable settlement of disputes, for the application of pressure, if necessary, to the disciplining of those nations that insist on trying the fortunes of war. All its force it derives from the voluntary action of the parties to the League, bound to such action only by honor. Is it credible that Senator Borah takes seriously his supposition that in a dispute between America and any other country whatever the Executive Council of the League, called in to inquire and make recommendations, would decide on the principle of the Old World versus the New? Any suspicion of such crooked disregard of the merits of the case would disrupt the League. Were the other parties of the League without honor America would still be safe from such injustice because America's military and economic resources are absolutely essential to the League.

Senator Borah is greatly concerned lest the internationalism of the League should prove identical with the internationalism of the Bolsheviki and extreme socialists. He is much impressed by Trotzky's assertion that "the present war signalizes the collapse of the national state." That was written two years or more before the end of the war. It was a prophecy that came nearer fulfilment than most. The Russian national state collapsed; then the Austro-Hungarian, the German. The Rumanian national state is tottering. But elsewhere the national state appears still to hold. What is Senator Borah's moral? That we should recognize the plain fact that since war as it is waged today is capable of weakening the structure of the national state to the point of collapse, and since war as it will be waged tomorrow will be infinitely more destructive, therefore we who desire to preserve the national state and restore its stability must stand together for the prevention of wars? Oh, no. Senator Borah's moral is, hide within our own walls and be American, turn away from the levees until they actually burst and let the flood waters work their havoc until we arrive. Let us remain free "according to our wisdom and our judgment to meet the emergencies of the future as we have so nobly met them in the past." "Let us be true to ourselves and it follows, as the night the day, we cannot then be false to any one and to any nation." Oh, Borah, maker of fables and incomparable rhetorician! How nobly would we have met our emergencies if an easy chance had placed in the President's chair one of our many statesmen who at heart opposed the war? How nobly will we meet them in the future, if we conceive that to be true to ourselves is to be deaf to the cries of the millions who must perish miserably unless we throw our will and our might into the scales for peace?

A Free Ireland

A FAMILIAR problem like Ireland's has the air of never changing. Even today many men are saying exactly the same things about Ireland, employing exactly the same hackneyed ideas, that did service—or failed to do service—before the war. Yet within a few months the complete transformation of the Irish question into something new and strange has been made manifest by various public acts, one of them being the unchallenged proclamation of an Irish Republic on January 21st, 1919, issued by a convention consisting largely of British members of parliament. This act, undoubtedly supported by the will of three-fourths of the Irish people, is sufficiently striking to provoke a new set of ideas. But the old tedious story seems to have dulled human consciousness irretrievably.

Yet this new situation calls strenuously for thought, particularly as it is now merely disclosed,

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not just come into being. For during the past five years each day gave statesmanship less excuse for declaring the Irish question insoluble. The act of time and the existence of the war created fresh demands for a positive responsible policy. The acute situation now developing is largely a result of the absence of such a policy, and inevitably it puts an end to the untenable condition by which the British government insists at one and the same time upon retaining and evading a solemn responsibility.

Five years ago, beyond dispute, the present situation was scarcely to be foreseen. At that time there was considerable excuse if not sufficient reason for confining attention to the pending measure of Home Rule, and for concentrating attention on the opposition of Ulster. That opposition was stubborn and certainly bound to be immovable while conservative England fortified it. So long as Ulster recruiting offices ran full blast in London and so long as Lord Roberts campaigned for Ulster and the British army could be depended upon not to "coerce" Ulstermen, the human mind could scarcely decide where Ulster began and Tories left off. Men sought frantically and vainly, at any rate, to choose between immovable Ulster and irresistible Home Rule. The effect of the deadlock was mesmeric. No political idea seemed to have any relevancy outside it, and for the first time in modern history Englishmen, ignoring the dependence of Ulster on conservative England, could assure themselves that but for division among Irishmen themselves the problem could be settled. This immunity from responsibility, however, required for its continuance a fairly static world and the perfect exclusion of new conceptions. With a world plunged in the agony of the war and new conceptions evolved to meet every phase of the conflict, this exemption from the Irish difficulty expired.

The moment Mr. Asquith enunciated "the rights of small nations," it became quite unforgettable for Irishmen that Britain had a large responsibility still unfulfilled. Until the Rebellion of 1916 this consciousness was not sharpened, but the drastic executions of 1916 made the issue of small nations a living issue to Irishmen, the rebellion being based purely and simply on the idea of the rights of small nations; and when President Wilson put the weight of America behind the idea of self-determination, the full political aspiration of the majority of the Irish was completely renewed. Seldom in the history of political parties has representation passed so swiftly from one set of men to another as from the Irish parliamentarians to the Sinn Feiners. Every class in society was concerned in this transfer of allegiance. The change expressed, as nothing else could express, a solid and invincible determination on the part of a majority to "select for themselves without interference from any other people the form of government under which in future they shall live." And instead of this action being a mere insurrectionary move, it was undeniably enveloped in the moral sanction of President Wilson and his associates.

How much does this moral sanction mean? In the light of it, certainly, the opposition of Ulster becomes insignificant. In various of the countries to which the assuagement of self-determination has been applied by the Allies, there have been national minorities just as unsympathetic to change as Ulster. These minorities have rightly demanded strong guarantees and have been granted them, but it has been unthinkable that their will should be permitted to frustrate or even impede the majority with which they are to have association. Only time can show, of course, how these minorities will fare. Ulstermen are prepared to believe that, short of annihilation, the British conservative could never consent to "abandon" them, and the worst fears of Irish domination are entertained. But these fears have not a tithe of justification which certain of the new "national minorities" can exhibit. The position of Ulster in an Irish parliament is, on the whole, capable of the most substantial and effectual legal and moral guarantees.

It is the relation of Ireland to the British Empire, not the relation of Ireland to Ulster, that has been given pre-eminence by the doctrine of self-determination. Should the doctrine of self-determination apply to Ireland? That is the question which the victory of Sinn Fein, based on the moral principle proclaimed by Mr. Wilson, brings home to Americans. Morally the case of the Irish people is invincible. Their right to self-determination, their right to separate from England or to make an arrangement with England on some other basis than the Act of Union, cannot be disguised or denied. The Irish people are not secessionists. The majority of them had no part in the corrupt and intolerable measure that united their government to England's. Rightly or wrongly, they ascribe to it the long record of misery, persecution, frustration and humiliation that has been the large part of their modern history. Under the Act of Union they have suffered great as well as petty misfortunes. They have never accepted the Union, and it is their manifest will, with a pedigree of perfect clearness, to have the full freedom to determine their own government.

Not having the physical power to force their will on England, and having no more excuse for asserting their separatist will unreasonably than Ulster has for asserting its will unreasonably, the Irish people are obliged to fight out their principle in a

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fashion that will win moral support and enlist moral pressure all round. This was a hopeless cause in a static order of society. It is now a cause on the same plane of political wisdom and moral obligation as several causes to which America has brought succor and victory. In the degree that England's attitude parallels the attitude which drove this country into revolution, the right of Ireland to separation becomes affirmed and consecrated. The parallel is already sufficiently close to be reasonable, but where the revolting colonies forced England by enlisting actual military and naval allies, Ireland must rely on moral strength, winning in the teeth of enormous resistance that works secretly as well as openly.

In spite of this conflict of wills, the British government may still save the situation by offering Ireland a genuine partnership inside the British Empire. Recognizing that Ireland exhibits today the most signal results of bad and unsuitable government, the British may yet extend such terms to Ireland as will make a working agreement between Ireland and Britain a much simpler solution than separation. Unless such a plan is speedily devised, however, or unless the Sinn Feiners obscure their supreme moral claims by some mistaken offensive act, the world at large cannot but condemn the British government and see in its failure to meet its moral claimants a deep obliquity. This conviction is kept from crystallizing now because Britain is considered largely the inheritor of Ireland's wrongs. But if the conviction is crystallized by Britain's failure to give Ireland genuine self-determination it means a haunting moral accusation against the present Britain. It means vital accession of support to an Ireland with a right to total independence.

The Teaching of Politics in American Universities

IN no country in the world do the universities lay such emphasis upon the study of government as in America. No branch of the subject is left untouched. The eagerness with which new methods of administration, new systems of electoral procedure, new forms of commissions are added to the content of the curriculum is little short of amazing. The larger part of those who teach it are genuinely enthusiastic about their subject. Not a few of them are chosen to take a share in the actual process of government; and it is only fair to say that most of them are successful.

Yet the study of politics in America is in a curiously unsatisfactory condition. The student seems to accumulate an immense background of facts. Certainly, for instance, the average graduate of Harvard or Princeton or Columbia knows more about the forms of government than the average graduate of Oxford or Cambridge. He can tell you about commission government, or the referendum in Switzerland or county government in Massachusetts. But he cannot tell you what federalism means. He cannot explain the theory of sovereignty. He has few or no ideas upon the relation of state and government. For the most part, he knows little or nothing of the history of political ideas; it is difficult to convince him that politics has a history behind Rousseau. What he wants, broadly speaking, to know is the facts about Congress, the facts about the party system in England, the facts about the referendum. Behind those facts, to the principles they imply, he rarely seeks to penetrate.

The first main criticism touches the attitude to institutions. Every American student can tell you about the separation of powers; most of them are bewildered when you tell them that the separation of powers has broken down. Every student is clear that sovereignty means that the power of the state is supreme; but of John Chipman Gray's admirable dictum that "the real rulers of a society are undiscoverable" they have no conception. No one can study the curriculum of the average American college without discovering why this is the case. We are studying forms without proceeding to the analysis of the substance behind those forms. We do not teach the student to grasp that "intuition more subtle than any articulate major premiss," which is the real stuff of which the state is made. In mechanical terms, our government is visualized as a purely static institution. Our knowledge, at least as we communicate it, is knowledge by description and not by acquaintance. We do not stop to explain why, for example, the committee-system of Congress has inevitably strengthened the executive by making discussion unreal and thus transferring the centre of dramatic interest to the solitary figure in the White House. We describe the boss system; but we do not explain the boss system as it originated from the over-simple Benthamite formulæ of the Jacksonian democracy. The result is that what we are exercizing is less the student's mind than his memory. We are not teaching him to understand why a dogma like the separation of powers could arise, and why it is ultimately unworkable. We are not making him see politics as a living process made of the stuff of which our lives are woven.

We teach it, moreover, in isolation. That is, in part at least, not the fault of the instructor in government. The American college seems to believe that a student who does not, in his four years, learn

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a little art and chemistry and Spanish and corporate finance, has failed to receive the benefit of a wide education. The result is, of course, that his courses in government, are at best but an item in a larger programme. They lack an environment that can give them complete purposiveness. The student can learn about the government of America and know nothing of the government of Europe. He can get a feeble smattering of international law and remain entirely ignorant of the history of political ideas. He is searching units for a degree and Professor Blank's course is reputed to be easy or interesting.

But the matter goes even deeper. You cannot study politics apart from history. You cannot understand the ideas of an age unless you understand the perspective in which that age is set. Cusa sets the background for Alexander Hamilton and the King's prerogative is the parent of the police power. We do not study politics in this way; or, if we do, we take a series of men and summarize their ideas without reference to the specific circumstances which evoked them. The undergraduate knows that the social contract is nonsense, but he does not grasp the fact that it is significant nonsense. But history is not enough. It is not necessary to accept the Marxian dogmas to realize that the economic institutions of the time are fundamental. A student of politics who is not also a student of economics is untutored in the essential relations of his subject. The great dictum of Harrington that power follows the distribution of property is a fact which finds little or no application in our teaching. Yet Acton could emphasize the impossibility of explaining political phenomena without its use. John Stuart Mill could use it as the explanation of the course of legislative progress in modern society. Everyone remembers the eager desire to overwhelm Professor Beard when he tried to show the influence of those myths proclaimed by every American thinker of ability since Madison and Hamilton. He may or may not have painted a picture out of perspective; but the elements upon which he insisted do not find anything like their full place in the interpretations we offer.

This aspect of our teaching is perhaps best illustrated by our failure adequately to emphasize the importance of psychological analysis. We are, after all, dealing with an eminently human set of facts; yet there are few teachers who emphasize the impossibility of understanding political phenomena without a thorough grasp of psychology. There are, indeed, few who do not know the change in perspective since Mr. Wallas drove the Benthamite psychology out of the political field. But, to take an obvious instance, we cannot explain the very fact of political obedience unless we are fully equipped with the latest knowledge psychology can offer. Do men obey, as Hobbes said, through fear? Is the real basis consent, as with Rousseau; or habit, as with Sir Henry Maine? The answer to this, and all kindred questions, we shall only know if we try fully to grasp and cautiously to apply, the things we are being taught by men such as Freud and Jung, McDougall and the behaviorists. It ought to be understood that no student is equipped for serious political analysis except upon the basis of a thorough acquaintance with these studies.

There is also the question of books. It must be approached with hesitation because here, in some sort, is the head and centre of the whole question. We have innumerable volumes of descriptive government. We have half a hundred introductions to political science. We have books full of "readings" which anthologize a subject lest the student be tempted to examine it too fully. What impresses a stranger to this country is the small use that is made of fundamental texts. The student reads the summary of Hobbes in Dunning or Janet, but he does not read the Leviathan. He reads Professor Gainer or Professor Gettell or Professor Leacock; but Mill and Rousseau, Aristotle and Locke, are, for most, too old to have real value. We do not use the ten or fifteen fundamental biographies in which the wisdom of a decade's experience is summed up in a single flashing retort—things like Morley's Gladstone, the letters of Acton, the correspondence of Hamilton or Peet or Bismarck. There, and there only, are the real secrets, the play of personality, the search for motives, revealed. We make little or no use of speeches; yet a student who read, to take but a single instance, a day's debate on the Home Rule Bill of 1914 would know more of the pith of politics than is to be learned in a dozen textbooks.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1919, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE: REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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A Substitute for the Church

NONE is needed. Say many. Say the majority of those now connected with American religious institutions. The church makes mistakes, it has failed, is failing in more or less important particulars. It needs reformation, not abolition.

The reformers should not become so absorbed in consequential controversies among themselves that they overlook the growing numbers of church abolitionists. It has been customary to belittle and despise these as infidels and atheists and religious Bolsheviki, but their increasing numbers and respectability can surely not longer escape any student of religious affairs. At one point the reformers and abolitionists are agreed: there is no need of a substitute for the church.

Is this rising abolitionism dangerous? Some of the religious-minded still feel that the thought of its success is too horrifying for rational beings to entertain, their own scale of rationality being, of course, the standard. After that shock has passed there remains the really more serious concern whether the abolitionists are likely to succeed.

Democracy is capable of abolishing time-honored institutions. Antiquity is for it no guarantee of perpetuity. Chattel slavery our American democracy only the other day tore out and discarded from our social scheme. Old? How many social institutions are older? The most advanced Greek and Roman philosophy of statecraft, upon which modern society has been builded, made an organic place for it. Ordered society was considered to be impossible without it. On the very day of its abolition ethicists were demonstrating its righteousness, statesmen its indispensability and ministers of religion its divine ordination.

The abolitionists might have been more ceremonious in the manner in which they made way with it. Some of them tried to be. More than one serious proposal of the state's purchase of all chattel slaves from the owners at a fair price was made and widely discussed. Only the stubborn resistance of the slavocracy precipitated the violent process by which the institution was finally disposed of.

That was yesterday. Today the saloon is speeding down the ways. Is the saloon a mere abortion, an excrescence upon a debased modern civilization? How many social institutions are older? When have men not made wine the medium and measure of sociability? What would have been the Anglo-Saxon civilization out of which ours has immediately sprung without the tavern? The American democracy is right now in the process of tearing out one of the supposedly impregnable institutions of civilized history.

All sorts of reforms have been attempted. An eminent prelate of one of our religious bodies which takes itself most seriously was so zealous that he tried, it will be remembered by antiquarians, at the opening of the New York subway, to establish and operate a saloon on approved churchly principles. The injustice to the enormous interests vested in the liquor business by outright and unceremonious abolition has greatly distressed many, even of those who are bent upon doing away with the saloon. But here again the shameless ethical and political methods of the brewing and distilling powers have proved their undoing, and their equities in the liquor business are being sacrificed without redress.

Badgered and preyed upon by stubborn and sinister interests the American democracy can become positively reckless in disposing of useless or deleterious institutions. No degree of antiquity or dignity of prestige or intimacy of social standing appears to deter it when decadence and opposing pugnacity compel it to make up its mind. Is the American church in any danger at the hands of our democracy?

Hosts of our people eminent and serene in their piety are so oblivious to the currents of thought surging through the common life that the suggestion that the church can find a classification with chattel slavery and the saloon is unutterable sacrilege. It is not the business of the analyst and interpreter to do aught but analyze and interpret. Certainly the present writer is attempting naught but this. He is not a furious abolitionist. He would not do violence to a fly—if it were not so annoying and so prolific a carrier and breeder of disease germs.

But the most placid of us in his most placid mood can surely not be wholly disregardful of what the common American mind is thinking, and what it may more or less speedily make its intention to do. There are already large numbers of people to whom the ecclesiastical system is a vexation and an offense. Its economic inefficiency, its aimlessness of programme, the hosts of agents employed in inconsequential effort, its veritable army of retainers riding on the government-administered thoroughfares at half the tariff rates paid by the people, its enormous accumulations of wealth invested in massive structures standing often absolutely unused for any purpose during all but three or four hours in

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the week, and not largely or to the best purpose employed during those three or four—all this has got on the nerves of great masses of people about as fearsomely as have the recklessness and extravagance of the idle rich. Increasing thousands have passed the joking stage when they reckon the social values of the church programme. They are now inclined to classify the church as an anti-social force. What they esteem to be its ineradicable and universal dogmatism constitutes an enslavement of the mind which is as much more deleterious than slavery of the body as it is more subtle in its anti-social influence. The abolition of the system which begins and ends with all this is not alarming to them, is no longer repugnant or sacrilegious rather begins to loom as a public duty. The doing away with this system is coming to seem to them quite as important and heroic a service to advancing human civilization as was the work of a former generation in making an end of chattel slavery.

So let us all calm ourselves into an appreciation of the realities. Remember that while any one of us thinks tenderly of his childhood experiences and the sweet associations of today in the delightful atmosphere of his own particular church circle, multitudes are compelled in their thinking to lump in one category these survivals of medievalism in thought and ecclesiastical process which still persist among us, all the freakish abortions to which our long stagnated religious life has given recent birth, the whole confused mass of agencies and organizations, good, bad and indifferent, which have ensconced themselves behind the security of a "free church in a free state," multitudes, I say, are compelled to lump all this under one category, and the thought and sight of it makes them sick. That is the literal truth: they are sick of the whole business, and have grown utterly hopeless of the "reforms" which anxious ecclesiastics now so tediously discuss. They find it easy to hit upon a summary and wholly effective way to have done with the whole noisome business.

But is it possible that any considerable number of the American people can now purpose the uprooting and destroying of religion, or can be driven even by the confessed failures of the church to harbor so outrageous a thought? It is growing less and less easy to scare seasoned democrats by horrified ohs and ahs or by the shocked, maidenauntly countenance. Democracy's conceptions of the sacred are notoriously out of harmony with those inculcated by autocratic hierarchies. But essential religion stands in no danger of outrage or even of neglect by democracy. The question of the survival of religion is not involved. It is ecclesiasticism which an increasing number of Americans are complacent about abolishing, not religion. When the fathers did away with chattel slavery they did not undertake to disestablish the principle of individual service for the common good. They rather proposed the more definitely to establish it by giving it a nobler impulse than shackles and the driver's whip. The masses today so eager to make way with the saloon do not propose to stifle the universal human craving for genial or even convivial fellowship of men with their kind. They seek rather to give it a refinement and richness which the saloon and intoxicating liquors can never permit.

Religion stands in no ultimate jeopardy. The only circumstance which can cause it even temporary embarrassment and hinder its beneficent processes in society will be the stubborn resistance of an entrenched and anti-social ecclesiasticism which may conceivably become as blind and self-centred as the old slavocracy and the present-day, not less inglorious brewing interests.

But it may quiet alarm to point out the fact that the analogy for the development of our American religious programme seems to lie elsewhere than in the history of anti-slavery and prohibition movements. The unfolding of the public school system is very suggestive. It is now a hundred years old, more or less. It has had a checkered career, and is still so faulty as to drive many a visionful educator all but to despair. But American democrats are devoted to it. They can make of it what they choose. It is theirs, and can never fall permanently under the control of any clique or group or hierarchy. It has not forcibly abolished the private school. Yet it has made many a private school useless and sent it to bankruptcy. Thousands of American communities now have no other educational facilities than those supplied by the public system. Many once devoted to the academy under private or church control have accepted the public high school with all of its faults, leaving the academy to perish, which it has more or less promptly done in scores of communities.

The public school standards of efficiency are already on the whole higher than are those of private and denominational schools on the whole. When several years ago President James was inaugurated as the head of the Illinois State University he reminded the assembled educators that no privately endowed institution in the land, however eminent its public service, could have survived the stagnating influence of its "privacy" without enforced outreach to the public for the funds to keep it going and to finance the persistent demand for enlargement. Few realize the blight which inevitably eats into every institution which has all the money it wants. If it dares tell the public to be damned it is usually not slow in improving its opportunities.

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Whatever of forward look and democratic aspiration abides in private and denominational educational institutions is largely the culture, direct and indirect, of the public school system. And the struggle of numerous denominational colleges against the growing efficiency of the public system is pitiful. If the energy still employed in this futile competition were expended in loyal citizenship and support of the people's institutions, the gravest faults of the public educational system would be speedily corrected.

Hierarchy is what is the matter with our religious order, the system itself, its large vested interests and its irresponsible zeal to sweep more of such interests under its control. The faithful democrat may quiet himself of the fear that essential religion will suffer from the abolition of hierarchy. Rather religion stands to gain, and the sooner it secures democratic instead of hierarchic sponsorship the sooner will it come into its own.

One need not be a prophet to discern the growing tendency to accord religion this sanction. Others than "infidels" and "atheists" may properly point out the fact and rejoice in the issue. The religious order bids fair to go the way of the educational system, and go it faster and farther and more wholesomely. It will help to carry the educational system on to further and finer development. This theory is not the concoction of some dreamer. The thing is being done. Communities are taking over the direction of their religious life. One need only show an interest in this matter to find in his correspondence with all kinds of people in all parts of the country, in what the popular prints reveal and in his observations as he moves about the country, that the movement is going strong and true, albeit communities and individuals are still timid and for the most part as yet take only cautious steps. What will perhaps help the movement on most effectively will be the uprising of a self-conscious and alarmed ecclesiasticism to save its life and preserve as much as possible of its jeopardized fortunes. There are indications that this powerful impetus is not to be lacking.

Of course democracy needs the church. That is, it needs some institutional expression of the universal human religious impulse. This will be all the more clear if our quickened society shall demand the abolition of the present hierarchic type of organization. But the germinal idea will of course be retained, whether it is traced to the Greek ecclesia where were gathered together the citizens to consider and adopt measures for the highest welfare of all, or to the Hebraic synagogue where met the people to share aspirations to the largest realization of the commonwealth. Our hard and rigid civil system, inherited and very imperfectly transformed from the autocratic order which imposed government by fiat, vastly needs this liberalizing influence. To be good democrats people need to be good citizens from choice and in an exuberant personal devotion to the common good, not because a superimposed government orders them out to service. Nor may the impulse to this service be properly mediated by the dogmatic prescriptions of hierarchic cults. The essential institutions of society the people, the whole people, must be in a position to direct. Of course our quickened community life will take over the control of the religious order. It is already doing so here and there, and every new advance anywhere will give aspiring democracy new hope and confidence everywhere.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Æsthetic Fundamentals

IT is a very common thing for people to say of a poem that it is not poetry, or of a picture that it is not art, or of a proposition that it is not science, when they really mean that the poem in question is not good poetry, that the picture is not good art or that the proposition is not true. It seems to simplify matters when one thus throws out of consideration much material that would otherwise have to be accounted for, but in the long run the simplification is illusory, and one is landed in a quagmire of insoluble problems. The special problem of the great achievements in art is, for example, often given a priority over the general one that concerns itself with the activity whose perfect flowering, only, is perfect art, and nothing but confusion can result. Therefore in this discussion I shall, at first, take up a subject of the widest generality, the fundamental one, concerning the place of the æsthetic in experience generally. Only this mode of treatment will, I believe, make evident its practical, insistent, importance.

A moment ago I noticed that the floor of my room was not immaculate. Its state produced in me a condition of unrest, sufficiently pronounced to make me get a broom and sweep it. I do not sweep habitually, and therefore the action has not lost for me a certain charm. I like to feel the flexibility of the broom, its functional responsiveness. The contrast, also, between the little swept, the unswept vast, has its attractiveness, its quality of vista and persuasion. Nor is it all quite pleasurable. There are the annoying inaccessibilities, the spots where fluent motion is arrested, and the currents of satisfaction are turned awry. There is frustration then as well as pleasing motion. The sweeping of a room can offer an epitome of the world of our

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æsthetic experiences as they link up with living.

There were, however, other satisfactions that I found while sweeping besides those of immediacy. I took the broom up in the first place, because the floor was dirty. I used the broom because it was an instrument of service, because it would achieve an end that seemed to me desirable. Just as there was a pleasurable contrast between the swept and the unswept floor, so there was a pleasure in the knowledge that sweeping made the difference. The broom was agreeably flexible in the hand, and there was furthermore a consciousness that it was so because of its peculiar structure. There was, in short, besides the satisfactions that were immediate, a pleasure in the recognition of the instrumentalities through which those ends were reached. There was involved in the process of sweeping, a scientific as well as an æsthetic interest.

This little incident of primarily domestic service will answer, as well as any other, for the discussion of all the fundamental problems of æsthetics. In fact it will do more, for it can help to mark the boundaries that lie between the domain of æsthetics and the other great field of human knowledge, which is science. For these purposes it is far more practicable than the Venus of Milo or the sonnets of Shakespeare, since in them we have material so elaborately and specially developed, and furthermore so very remote, that it obscures far more than it reveals. But sweeping a floor is readily intelligible. It has indeed no special and peculiar virtues for our purpose on which one need insist, and therefore it may be permitted to any one to whom it makes no appeal to take as an analogous instance the doing of anything whatever. The only thing of relevant importance is to note that when we do something and taste, as it were, its flavor, we supply ourselves with all the material that is necessary for the following analysis.

When I swept the floor, I did it as though the job were interesting, as though it had a flavor. This need not necessarily have been so. I might have swept it as though the only interest were cleanliness, as though the process were nothing but a means to get the end accomplished; and since it was, even for me, not an unfamiliar process, I might conceivably have carried it through like a mere machine. In that case I should have been acting just "practically" and as a household drudge would act. She has normally no æsthetic or scientific interest in her duties. In order to have had any of the special satisfactions that I find in the act of sweeping, she would have required conditions of novelty. A new kind of broom, for instance, that swept the floor more perfectly than the old one, might, if she were not too dead to such emotions, have served to stimulate her, where any old broom served me. My interest in the matter answered for me in the place of novelty, and made it possible for me to simulate the originality of genius. This is, in part at least, the capacity, quite naturally to do (or see) familiar things as though done for the first time.

What is in this case true of the æsthetic interest in sweeping is equally true of the scientific interest. I, by bringing to it a fresh mental attitude, could realize the instrumental value of the broom, and be quite fascinated by its amazing power to remove dirt from the floor. I recognized a scientific truth, and took satisfaction in the recognition, whereas the conscientious household drudge would, quite unconsciously, take the attitude that floors and brooms and dirt were so interrelated that the first compelled, quite automatically, to the assumption of the second, for the removal of the third. Here again, a new kind of mechanical broom might, supposedly, awaken a mild interest even in "base mechanical" persons, and cause them to wonder how it worked, but this newborn interest would rapidly die away, and in a short time the new instrument, like the old, would become a part of the world's fixed order, and would be quite incapable of stimulating any emotion. This would be true whether the object were a broom to sweep the floor, or a Pythagorean theorem to state the relations of the sides of a right angled triangle. With so much of distinction, the scientific problem can be left aside, and the æsthetic may be brought into the foreground. But much that will be said of the æsthetic can, analogously, be applied to the scientific.

Sweeping of floors can serve to bring out other matters of importance in the discussion of the æsthetic. For example there are persons who prefer the broom to which they are accustomed rather than any novelty in brooms. The aspect of a floor that, at a customary rate, and with a habituated completeness, passes from dirt to cleanliness, conforms to the order of a comfortable life. A new broom that would disturb the rate, or that produced a cleanliness that was more or less, would make demands for readjustment to which certain minds are loath. Just those conditions, and no other, constitute their environment. Under such circumstances there is a tendency to lose the value of detail in experience, and only the total of the conditions counts. Details are made distinct to consciousness, rather if something is altered in the environment than because they themselves are there. Streets, buildings, shapes of rooms, house furnishings, clothes, even the masterpieces on the wall, tend to become nothing more than that, than things that may attract attention

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if they are changed. In these cases there is a regressive tendency, a movement towards the condition of merely feeling comfortable in the environment, rather than that of having objects about one which are the sources of real æsthetic experience. Of course there is no sharp line of demarcation between the personal feeling of adjustment to the object, and the feeling that the object is adjusted to oneself. The change is gradual, with constantly diminishing intrinsic interest in the things, until the values that remain still functional are almost physiological in character, almost like qualities of warmth, or light. The question of the means by which this degradation in value may be prevented is almost central for æsthetics, but must be left for a later article.

What has so far been said should make it evident, that the æsthetic is not a definite object, something that can be labelled as such, like a quartz crystal or a brontosaurus, and which remains æsthetic, irrespective of time, place or circumstance. It is as different as possible from such an object. Nor is it the object of an emotion of a peculiar kind, like awe, or admiration or reverence. As a feeling, it is essentially that of satisfaction, though it may be complicated with other feelings like admiration, or awe. There is no one thing definitely peculiar to the æsthetic experience except that it involves an object that is immediately concerned in it, which object is the thing that at that moment is before the mind and is the bearer of the quality of satisfaction. This is as real if it lasts a moment as if it lasts for years; whether it is a story that goes stale after one hearing, or is a play of Shakespeare's that age can never wither. The latter counts more hits than does the former but still a hit is a hit, whether the target has been changed, or whether it continues the same.

A consequence of the nature of the æsthetic object is the absence of all limit to its range. Peculiarities of condition, of culture, of an individual mind, of pathological determination, or even a deliberate practice, may render anything the object of an æsthetic interest. Some things, like works of art, are made deliberately to excite that interest as their primary purpose. Others, like the objects of what we call the applied art, are made to excite that interest as a secondary purpose. Natural objects excite without, in a sense, being made at all. But constantly, at odd moments, anywhere, and before anything, the live and sensitive person has opportunity for the experience. Naturally no man can have it all the time—not even the greatest poets, painters or musicians. They, like all other people, have their times when things are merely practical. But certainly they, more than most of us, do have the world presented in this intimate relation. And the real purpose of æsthetic education should not be to recognize some orthodox and well authenticated work of art, or even those that are heterodox and not at all authenticated, but rather that purpose should be such an awakening of the spirit of live observation, that there should follow the creation of a world of beauty everywhere, by the process of discovering it. A consequence of this would be a really vital refusal to accept conditions that put upon this process trammels that almost completely check its function.

LEO STEIN.

The Peace of the Balkans

TO most Americans as to most Englishmen, it may seem a small matter how the Peace Conference handles the Balkans. Certainly there are a dozen questions, from the freedom of the seas to the reconstruction of Poland, which seem to matter more. None the less it is well to remember that the world war began with a Balkan murder and ended with Bulgaria's collapse. Many of us have guessed that it might have been finished in 1915 if diplomacy had worked as skilfully in Sofia as our men fought gallantly at the Dardanelles. In these primitive regions one must realize among the possible motives of war a naïve and juvenile delight in battle, which the rest of us have outlived. A peace which rested on a bad Balkan settlement would be a gamble with incalculable chances.

I. THE BALANCE OF POWER

The old Balkan conditions, it is true, are utterly destroyed. The life of these nominally independent states had always been a struggle for existence against the overhanging menace of Austrian and Russian power. Austria is dismembered: Russia has committed suicide. Already, however, another two-Power balance may be discerned. Italy aspires frankly to a career as a Balkan Power, and official France seems to be reviving the interest which for a brief moment Louis Napoleon took in the Near East. The Sonnino policy involves an open antagonism with Great Serbia. No one who has tried to piece together the fragments of censored news during recent weeks can doubt that the presence of American and Allied contingents on the Adriatic Coast alone prevented the scandal of an open war.

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If the Peace Conference should give effect in this region to the secret treaty, that war is only postponed. With Greece the relations of Italy are only a little less strained. The pretensions of Italian imperialism to Southern Albania, to Rhodes and the Twelve Islands and above all to Smyrna, are a challenge to the Greek race, only a little less defiant than the simultaneous claim to the Serbian heritage in Fiume and Dalmatia. If Italy remains in lasting antagonism to Serbia and Greece, their common enemy, Bulgaria, will inevitably turn her eyes to Rome. Once more, as on the eve of the war, the clumsy astute diplomats of Sofia will offer their services to Serbia's western antagonist, and a new Balkan Balance of power will be adjusted. Indeed, the Bulgarian cabinet is already agitating for permission to send a special envoy to Rome.

Similar antagonisms in other directions will recruit the group further. The logic of the Balance will cause a diminished Hungary, fatally opposed to the Serbs, to look instinctively towards Italy. Thus two groups emerge. One composed of Serbs, Greeks and perhaps Rumanians (with Czechs and Poles in the distance) looks to France. The other, composed of Bulgarians and Hungarians, gravitates to Italy. The two great Powers have for the moment driven a bargain on the basis of mutual consent to expansion. Such bargains in the old days were common (and short-lived) between Austria and Russia.

It is hard, from this material, to foresee the shaping of a good settlement in the Near East, or of a lasting peace to follow it. The only hope lies in the ability of President Wilson to break down this whole system of the alliances and the Balance. There is only one way to do this in the Near East; to insist on a territorial settlement which follows national lines objectively. To all strategical arguments, whether for a new Italian Gibraltar in Albanian Valona, or for a "scientific frontier" in the Alps, which would bring some 200,000 Germans of the South Tyrol under alien rule, a Conference which means to make a League of Nations must oppose an adamantine No.

The new world will miss the security of co-operative force, if it seeks safety in naval bases and impregnable frontiers. For communications and harbors it must make provision not by unnatural annexations at the expense of unwilling populations, but by the device of the free port and the jointly controlled river or railway. When it draws its frontiers, it must be ready to do justice even "to these to whom we do not wish to be just." It is nearly three years since I first wrote for the New Republic on the excessive pretensions of Italian imperialism on the Adriatic Coast. I will not attempt to repeat what has often since been said with editorial authority. The danger of a settlement grossly unjust to the South Slavs is still acute. The Balkan problem is really a single one, however, and we shall find that it may be easier in the end to do justice to the Serbs if we are just also to Albanians and Bulgarians. The power-politician, when he has wronged one race, begins immediately to look for "compensations." He ends by wronging not one alone, but two or three. Must the Serbs lose Northern Dalmatia to Italy? Then give them (so runs the logic of the Balance) a slice of Albania, and let them keep the Bulgarian portions of Macedonia. Must Greece lose Smyrna and Rhodes? Then let her, too, take yet another slice of Albania. From one wrong follows a whole train of wrongs, until a fantastic Balance rocks to the curses of millions.

II. Albania

Albania is the step-child of Europe. This lonely race has no affinity with any other stock on our continent. Divided between three religions, it can make no single appeal to faith. Its sons are not cosmopolitan traders, permeating western finance and journalism like the enterprising Greeks. There is no one to speak for them save the few travellers who have lived among them. And yet the fact is that from Byron's day downwards it would be hard to find a West European who has learned to know the Albanians without admiring them. Consuls, soldiers, missionaries, ethnologists—all come under the spell of this attractive and original race. I have known them myself in all stages of culture. When I survey my own memory's gallery of Balkan character, the men who stand out in it with a certain native aristocracy are nearly all Albanians. They are of all classes and faiths. It was a servant who first excited my curiosity. He was a handsome, spirited lad, and in a time of insurrection I used to employ him to carry large sums of money over a dangerous road. One day when I asked him if he knew a certain short-cut, he answered with the simplest of smiles, "Yes, we always used that path at night when I was with Shahin." Shahin (the falcon) was the most noted brigand of that region. My man then, who had just brought me a big bag of gold, was an ex-brigand. Troubled to know if I dare trust him, I told the story to the Bulgarian bishop. His comment was short and decisive. "The man is an Albanian, is he not?" That was the verdict of an hereditary enemy on this singular race. It has a name for honor.

Again I think of a pale, stooping, studious-looking man, with a name that indicated his Moslem religion and landowning origin, who once introduced himself to me. After a brief conversation

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conducted on his side in meticulously perfect French, he suddenly inquired, "Are you a descendant of Joseph Brailsford, who wrote chamber-music in the early eighteenth century?" In point of fact, I am, but even among professed students of music in England I have never yet met one who had ever heard the old composer's name. A musician with a passion for eighteenth century work, a brilliant philologist who knows Gothic and Sanscrit, as well as he knows French, German, Italian and all the Balkan tongues, a student of history who has by long grubbing unearthed a whole treasury of discoveries about the unworked history of Old Albania, I soon came to rank my visitor, born in a wild upland village of the Pindus, as the most learned of all my friends. I could go on indefinitely. Now I think of an Albanian of peasant origin, a Protestant colporteur, who by his sheer moral ascendancy would, day after day, alone and unarmed, rescue Bulgarian victims, after a bloody insurrection, from under the very bayonets of the Turks. Again, I recall an official in Abdul Hamid's time, who steadily defied all the inhumane orders of his Turkish superiors. I see a Catholic Sister of Mercy, herself the daughter of wild and unlettered clansmen, whose charity and devotion as she nursed her wounded Slav enemies shone with a grace that no saint ever surpassed. Or else it is an Abbot of the Bektashis (a heretic semi-Moslem mystical sect) with bells on his shoes to warn the little creatures of the grass, lest he should tread on them unawares, who invented aphorisms on ethics, the simplest but the most penetrating that I have ever heard. It is a quick-witted race, with keen æsthetic perceptions, a feudal sense of honor, and above all an ardor, an individualism, which shows itself in moral and intellectual originality. It is a race worth saving.

Its fate will be, if the politics of the Balance are consummated, to be dismembered among its hereditary foes. The London Conference of 1912, sitting with Sir Edward Grey as President, created Albania a perpetually neutral state, under the guarantee of the great Powers. By what casuistry those same Powers now hold themselves competent to divide it up, I have never pretended to understand. Where has Albania sinned? It was the Concert who gave it for its sovereign a German princeling, who lacked not merely sympathy and good sense, but even common animal courage. The boundaries laid down in 1912 were already much too narrow. To Ipek and Prizrend and the southern slopes of Kossovo, Serbia certainly had a venerable historic claim; but I speak with personal knowledge when I say that the population of all this region was two-thirds Albanian and only one-third Serb. In the South the Greeks had also done well at the expense of Albania. What was left was certainly the narrowest compass within which an independent Albanian state could live. It contained two towns large enough and (relatively) rich enough to be centres of a nascent culture, Scutari and Koritsa. Scutari in the north, with all the Catholic hill-country round it, its clans who have suffered martyrdom for independence, its schools and college which were just beginning to make an educated nation, has been assigned to Great Serbia, and is already in Serbo-Montenegrin occupation.

The Serbs have great qualities, above all as artists, poets and soldiers; but theirs is not the rather stolid, equable, objective temperament which can make the rule of one race just and tolerable for another. The Montenegrin level of culture is assuredly no higher than the Albanian. Conquest in the Balkans still means, and always has meant, the robbery of land and the extinction of the victim culture amid brutalities and massacres at which the western spectator turns sick. Let the reader who has the courage to face the nauseous detail turn to the Report of the Carnegie Commission on the Balkan Wars. I was a member (with Professor Dutton of Columbia, Professor Miliukoff of Petrograd, and M. Godard, now of the French Ministry) of that Commission, but I never want to read again the sickening pages of horror that we were forced to compile. There is, let me add, no native Slav population whatever in this Scutari district.

In the South, Koritsa, and the region round it, has been assigned to Greece and is already occupied by her troops. No one, be it noted, troubles to wait for the Peace Conference. About Koritsa there is really some room for dispute. The population, both of town and country is, with some Vlach (Rumanian) infiltration, solidly Albanian and not Greek. Albanian is the home language, and the women and children, when I was last there (in 1903) still spoke nothing else. None the less, a large proportion, perhaps the majority of the Christians of the town (i.e., the men) being Orthodox by religion and therefore Greek by culture, regard themselves also as politically Greek. The Moslems on the other hand, a minority in the town, but the big majority in the country, are both politically and racially Albanian. How large the nationalist element which is Christian but Albanian by choice now is, I cannot say. It has fluctuated in recent years under savage persecutions. In any event, taking Christians and Moslems together (all racially Albanian) there is certainly a decided majority for the Albanian nationality. That was the verdict of an official mixed commission which studied the question on the spot for the Powers in 1913. The reversal of that decision today is the

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consequence, solely, of barter and Balance-politics. Koritsa has enterprise, ideas and a relatively high level of education. An Albania robbed both of Scutari and Koritsa is doomed to vegetate as a tiny and hopelessly backward tribal state.

The third theft is the appropriation by Italy of Valona (Avlona) and its Hinterland. This is, of course, a purely strategic acquisition. With it goes the one good port which this inhospitable coast possesses.

My own solution is rather practical than ideal. Politically Albania is not yet quite ripe for unaided independence: she is much too ripe and much too conscious for partition. Any destiny is better than dismemberment. The best available fate for Albania is now to bring the whole of its territory as defined in 1912, under an Italian protectorate. Let Italy do this work as the mandatory of the League of Nations, subject to the condition that her lease is not perpetual and may be revised or revoked. Let her educate and develop, she must not colonize. The coast will be under her control, and with this addition to her power and prestige she might the more easily be persuaded to relinquish what she has claimed amiss in Dalmatia.

III. Macedonia

So long as it seemed doubtful whether the South Slavs would be united in one independent state under the Serbian Crown, it was difficult to press the claims of objective justice in Macedonia. Today justice need no longer wear the look of meanness towards a gallant and sorely tried Ally. Serbia has before her a destiny so brilliant that she can afford to lose regions to which she has no sound claim. The old argument that she must secure an outlet to the sea no longer holds. By all means let her retain the right to use the Vardar railway and the quays of Salonica. Her real outlets, however, are Fiume, and the long list of first-rate ports on the indented Adriatic coast. The question of the nationality of the Macedonian Slavs is one which I always find it bafflingly hard to debate. I know my facts, by close contact with the peasantry in the tragic years of the rebellion (1903, 1904) against the Turks. Count Ignatieff was once asked by a Pasha to prove his thesis that the Macedonians were Bulgars. "You proved it," he answered, "when you burned their villages." I knew a hundred and more of those burned villages. One did not measure frontal angles nor classify skulls, amid the cinders. One knew that the Turks, the most practical of ethnographers, burned the villages because the inhabitants were Bulgars, felt themselves Bulgars, and demanded self-government and Bulgarian nationality. In a long winter of relief-work, talking continually with the women, the sick, the wounded, the hopelessly broken, I never heard a doubt of that claim from those who suffered in the attempt to vindicate it, or a regret for the cruelly repressed revolt. The men talked only of "the next time": the boys whistled rebel ballads as they passed the Turkish sentries.

I am no philologist, and am not competent to discuss expertly the exact place of the Macedonian dialect in the Slav family, but I know that after learning myself to speak a little of it very badly, I was easily understood in Sofia, while I could only just guess my way through an elementary sentence in Belgrade. In those days the Serbian claims in Macedonia hardly went south of Uskub (Skoplje). The rival claimant to the west and centre of Macedonia was, in those days, not Serbia but Greece. I think I knew all the few Europeans and Americans in the towns—consuls, teachers, Protestants and Catholic missionaries, railway officials. All of them called the Macedonian Slavs, Bulgars. No one dreamed of disputing the facts of daily experience. Must I give further evidence? Why, then, did Serbia in the treaty of partition which preceded the first Balkan war, assign the whole of Macedonia south of Uskub to Bulgaria, as an "uncontested zone"? Why, again, was she forced, when she had taken it by the fortune of war, to rule by a system of martial law more Draconian than that of the Turks? Why, finally, did she shrink from conferring citizenship and voting rights on these "Serbian" brethren whom she had "liberated"?

Diplomatists will always regard this question from the Bulgarian angle. Should Bulgaria receive Macedonia? The answers are diverse. To my mind, the question itself is wrong. To me, with my memories of those burned villages, the question is rather, What do the Macedonians desire? If there is room for doubt, let there be consultation. Ask the American missionaries and the French sisters who live among the people. Let a disinterested commission go among them, with no Serbian or Bulgarian official at its elbow, taking some neutral Vlach or Jew as interpreter. Serbia held the country for three years: Bulgaria occupied it for two. The peasants have all the materials for comparison. In the military sense, the country is a salient so exposed that one need not fear to add to Bulgaria's power. Macedonia in her hands would be a hostage. Macedonia is the Alsace, the challenge-cup of the Balkans. For Macedonia the Bulgarian population has an inextinguishable passion, and Macedonia means above all Monastir and Ochrida. The partition to be sure would be geographically unsound and unsymmetrical, an abomination to a soldier's mind, an offense to commercialism. That, to my thinking, is a strong argument in its favor. When all these states are disarmed, let them be taught to make use of com-

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mon railways and ports. With an equitable racial partition a Balkan Federation might be feasible a decade hence. With an unsound partition the Balkans will still live under the shadow of rival Powers, given over in an unreal League of Nations to the furtive intrigues of the Balance.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

"Work or Fight" in the South

IN a small town in Alabama, sixteen miles from Montgomery, the state capital, the mayor of the town had a colored cook. This cook one Saturday night asked her employer for a higher wage. The mayor refused, stating that he had never paid any more for a cook and wasn't going to do so now. The woman thereupon quit, and, as the law provided, the mayor took up her employment card which he himself had issued to her. The following morning a deputy sheriff appeared at her door and demanded that she show her work card. Despite her explanation of the reason why she had no card, she was arrested and on Monday morning was brought up for trial *in the Mayor's Court,* before the *mayor* himself. She was found guilty, and fined $14.00, which fine was paid by the mayor, who then said to her, "Go on up to my house, work out the fine and stop your foolishness."

This is a striking example of the method by which certain sections of the South have been able to improve on the "Work or Fight Order" of Provost Marshal General Crowder. This order provided that every able-bodied male person between the draft ages, must be engaged in some necessary employment. At first this only included males of a maximum of thirty-one years of age. Later the selective service act was amended to include males up to forty-five years of age. But it was not sufficient for the many employers who found that the war took from them workers they had used in civilian forms of labor, and, North and South, compulsory work laws were passed by various states. Southern states whose legislatures were in session, Louisiana and Kentucky, made a maximum working age for males of fifty-five, and Georgia a maximum of sixty years. The Mississippi legislature was also in session but passed no compulsory work legislation.

These federal and state laws, however, referred only to men. But women's labor was also greatly in demand. The shortage of domestic servants has been felt throughout the whole of the United States, but it remained for the South to meet it in the extraordinary manner exemplified by the mayor in Alabama. Cities and towns and rural communities passed compulsory labor ordinances and by this means met with partial success in keeping the population at its former work and sometimes at pre-war low wages. An effort to include women's labor within the provisions of the Georgia state law was given up when determined opposition was voiced by leading Atlanta Negroes.

An example of the sort of local ordinance referred to is the one passed in the little Georgia town of Wrightsville. This provided that "it shall be unlawful for *any person* from the ages of sixteen to fifty inclusive to reside in or be upon the streets of Wrightsville" unless this person can show that he "is actively and assiduously engaged in useful employment fifty hours or more per week." The law further provided that each person must carry an employment card signed by his or her employer showing that he or she had worked as the law provided. It can easily be seen what a powerful weapon such a law would be in the hands of those who would be unscrupulous enough to use it. In Macon, Georgia, a colored woman was arrested for not working. She told the court at her trial that she was married, that her husband earned enough to enable her to stay at home and take care of the home and her children, and these duties kept her too busy to do any other work. Despite this statement, she was fined $25.75 and told by the court that if she remained in Macon she "would either work in service or on the public works" as being married did not exempt her from the provisions of the law.

In Birmingham, due to the shortage of domestic labor, an article appeared on June 19th in local papers stating that all women must work. The white women immediately protested and on the 21st another article appeared headed "Negro Women Here Ordered to Work." About the same time the Municipal Employment Agency issued an order stating that "all *Negro* women . . . must either go to work or to jail." Twenty women were arrested, all colored, on the first day the order went into effect. The following morning the Birmingham News carried an ironical article headed: "United States Employment Bureau Calls Bluff of Ebony Hued Workers."

Some days later, the wife of a respectable colored man was sitting on her porch one afternoon paring potatoes for supper, waiting for her husband to come home from his work. An officer saw her, asked her if she was working, and on being told that her duties at home required all of her time and that her husband earned enough to allow her to stay at home, he arrested her for "vagrancy," taking her to the county jail. When her husband came home and was told of the arrest, he immedi-

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ately went to the jail to provide bail for his wife. This he could not do as all of the officials had gone home. His wife was forced to remain in jail all night, and was released on bail the following morning. This case was dismissed when brought to trial.

In Bainbridge, Decatur County, Georgia, in July, the city council passed an ordinance forcing all women (which meant all *colored* women), whether married or not, whose duties were only those of their homes, to work at some particular job. An officer was sent to the homes of colored people who summoned the wives of a number of colored men to appear in court. There they were charged with vagrancy and fined $15.00 each and told that taking care of their homes was not enough work for them to be doing. On the following night an indignation meeting of the colored citizens was held and the city authorities were told that unless this unjust and discriminatory law were repealed, the colored people would resist "to the last drop of blood in their bodies." No further arrests were made.

No record could be found of any able-bodied white woman being molested.

These are some of the cases among colored women. The impulse to secure colored male labor and to hold it for such purposes as the white man felt most important to his own welfare was also in evidence. Among a number of instances the following are worthy of note:

In Pelham, Georgia, Rufus G. McCrary, colored, Agency Director for the Standard Life Insurance Company (Negro), a man who had under his direction twenty-five agents, the group having produced during 1917 over $900,000 worth of paid-for business, was informed by the town marshal that he must get a job as he (the town marshal) did not consider the selling of life insurance an essential occupation for a Negro. This was done in spite of the fact that Provost Marshal General Crowder had expressly stated that the selling of life insurance was essential. McCrary received a monthly salary of $225 and personally cleared over $3,000 annually through the bank at Pelham. The town marshal delivered this ultimatum to McCrary as he was lying in bed dangerously ill with influenza. McCrary died the following night. The marshal stated that he was acting under the orders of the county sheriff.

In the same town, Frank McCoy, a laborer at the Pelham Fertilizer Works, becoming dissatisfied with this work because of the lack of opportunity for advancement, and feeling that he had some ability in salesmanship, applied for and secured a part time contract with the insurance company. He made an unusual success in this effort, producing between $15,000 and $20,000 of paid-for business each month, on which his commissions amounted to between $150 and $175 per month. This work was done on a part time basis, the balance of his time being spent at the fertilizer works. The same town marshal ordered him to stop selling life insurance and to put in all of his time at the plant.

In Columbia County, in the western part of the state, no Negro can work for another Negro. If he wishes to work for an employer, he must work for a white employer.

In Lake County, Florida, eight colored men who were working as pickers in an orange grove where the scale of wages was much below the standard of $3.50 per day set by the Florida Citrus Exchange, like the mayor's cook, quit in order to go to work at another grove where the wages were higher. Their employer notified the sheriff, upon finding that he could not secure other laborers to take their places, and the officer of the law called the men together and told them that they would either have "to go back to work at the former price, to war or to jail." This case, however, was so flagrant that it came to the attention of the State Labor Bureau. An adjuster was sent to the place and he settled the matter by allowing the men to continue at that grove where the wages were highest.

Enough has been said to show that many employers of Negro labor in the South utilized the national emergency to force Negroes into a condition which bordered virtually on peonage. No one can tell how far the system extended, as most of the offenses occurred in the smaller towns and communities where Negroes dare not reveal the true conditions for fear of punishment, a fear which is well founded, as the lynching record of 1918 will testify. In the larger cities the opposition of the Negroes themselves checked too great abuses. The complaint of many reputable colored citizens in the cities is that the police authorities did not molest the criminal type of Negroes, the "blind tigers," gamblers, runners for immoral houses and the inmates of these houses, but only those who did work, even though they were of the casual labor group. If the campaign had been devoted solely to the former class, there would have been no opposition on the part of the better element of colored people, but in many cities there seems to be a reciprocal arrangement between the police and this class of community parasites.

The crux of the whole situation is found in the fact that domestic and farm labor has been affected by the new war-time conditions and the South, in large measure, was unable to adjust itself to a con-

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dition where its former plethora of cheap labor was wiped out. It has the opportunity now to clean house and prevent further migration by wiping out the abuses which exist. If it is attempted through the courts to hammer down wages and persecute laborers, the South may expect increasingly to lose its Negro labor. Since 1914, it is variously estimated that between 500,000 and 1,500,000 Negroes have gone North. Without Negro labor, the South will be bankrupt. With it and its great natural resources, it can become one of the richest sections of the country. It remains to be seen whether the better element among the whites can (and will) gain the ascendency over the larger element of those who practice the policy laid down by the Dred Scott decision of regarding the Negro as "having no rights which a white man is bound to respect."

WALTER F. WHITE.

The Fear of God

THAT is what Mr. Harold Cranfield says is pressing upon him. I should myself call it something else. Perhaps social-political jim jams would be as good as any other name for it.

Mr. Cranfield is one of those prosperous American business men who up to a year ago believed unshakably that the existing economic and social system was just as solid and enduring as the granite hills. Every man for himself; but every man, in seeking his own selfish good, destined by unerring economic law to serve to the utmost the interests of his fellow man: that was the essence of the present system as he expounded it. The true nature of the system was first revealed to Mr. Cranfield forty years ago, when he was a student at Yale. Laid up in his room by a broken rib—so he tells the story—he was driven by boredom to turn the pages of a volume of Adam Smith, foisted upon him by a professorial friend who had shrewdly guessed that the student's mind might be receptive to knowledge when his body was broken: it never was when he could be up and about. And then his eyes fell upon the demonstration of the true place of individual selfishness in the Divine scheme of the world. It took hold of him with the force of evidence, and from that day to about a year ago he never doubted it, nor did he doubt that it could be made equally clear to all men who were endowed with the light of reason. That meant at least enough men to control the political destinies of the world.

Provided that men generally received enlightenment, Mr. Cranfield used to argue, there could be no question whatever about the stability of the present order, founded as it was on hard fact and right reason. Therefore Mr. Cranfield was a liberal. He stood for the utmost freedom of thought and speech and of the press, that the truth might have an open field in which to meet and crack the bones of error. To be sure, there were socialists and anarchists at large who challenged everything, and there were social reformers besides who challenged specific parts of the existing system. Sentimentalists, all of them; or cheap fellows who had to win personal notoriety, if by no other method, then by standing on a street corner and bawling out that two and two make four only because the capitalist exploiters will have it so. Can't you hear him growing boisterously witty over them, from his seat of authority at the head of his dinner table? Picture him, erect, robust, his massive head crowned with gray hair, rebellious to the smoothing brush, his clear eyes beaming with good nature, the healthy red of his cheeks glowing through the gray of a well clipped beard. He was magnificent, in his good spirits, and so was his table, with its gorgeous china and chastely designed silver, its ranks of glasses aspiring to good things at the hands of a butler trained to distribute his gifts as unobtrusively as the fairies move when they distribute dew among the eager flowers. Opposite sat his wife, more beautiful in late middle age than any girl, with eyes brighter than the diamonds glistening upon her breast. There were two white shouldered daughters, one just come out, and all demure glances, the other a little more mature, discreetly conscious of the fact that a king had spoken of her as that impossibly beautiful American girl. It was not a very great king, to be sure, but a great connoisseur. Other ladies were there too, beautiful, of course, and men, very correct and handsome, real financial leaders and amateurs of art and politics. And very likely—so catholic were Mr. Cranfield's tastes—there was also a place for some member of the intellectual proletariat, a little uncertain of the ceremonial of the courses and often apparently sunk in deep thought when in fact only waiting for a cue. Woe to him if the lady on his right, addict of subtle malice, gave him the wrong cue.

All that was a year ago, but now a vast change has come over Mr. Cranfield. The buoyant optimism is gone, Bolshevism, hideous conception, has got into Mr. Cranfield's mind, and crashes about destructively like a gun carriage broken loose on the deck of a foundering ship. In dark tenements of New York you may find pale men and hectic cheeked women poring over typewritten bulletins which report that things are moving fast in Germany, France, Italy, England: that social discontent is gathering head in Chicago, St. Louis,

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Amarillo and Tucson. They read, and believe, sure that if they can live a little longer, they will see with their own eyes the Great Revolution, which shall make all things over, descending from Heaven in a chariot of fire. They believe, but no more vividly than Mr. Cranfield fears. To him there is Bolshevism in every bush, and his knees knock together as he passes by.

"The world is going to perdition," he groans. "Did you see that account of how the Bolshevists have got hold of Mexico? No sir: you're wrong: it's not merely an expansionist yarn to work up sentiment for an invasion: it's true, and the sooner we send our armies down there to clean out Carranza and his whole gang, the better. Have you heard how Trotzky has managed to send four hundred million rubles into our own country, for propaganda? Paper rubles? No sir: gold, good red Russian gold: I got it from a secret service agent who has seen it. The sooner we stop monkeying with those propagandists, the better. Shoot them: or better, hang them in Union Square, a dozen of them, every day. That will teach the riff-raff what's what."

Propaganda: that is the great menace of the age as Mr. Cranfield sees it. It is an infection, that spreads faster and farther than Spanish influenza. Our only hope is to localize the infection, destroy its foci. A whiff of grape shot, that is what is needed. Jails and machine guns, there lies our only hope. And suppose they are taken over by the enemy? God help us then, but we will fight, fight till the last man of us is killed. Then the Bolsheviki may have this world, and fight among themselves till the food gives out and they all starve to death.

"I don't think it's very nice of you, Papa, to talk about dying to the last man and leaving the world to the Bolsheviki. What will become of us women?" Thus speaks Alice, debutante daughter a year ago, but now a very self-possessed, self-determined young woman. She has been engaged in war-work. It was her job to meet incoming boats with an ambulance and carry the sick and wounded to the hospitals. She did it with spirit and nerve, as I can testify, having all but come to my end under the wheels of her drab colored government car, crashing through the crowds as if accidents didn't matter, since an ambulance was at hand. She gave me a nonchalant nod of recognition as I leapt for safety behind an L post. She was exquisite in her khaki uniform, with scarce a yellow curl escaping the prison of her little cap. Glowing cheeks, shining eyes: how must she have appeared to her wounded charges? "They all adore me, and I believe a lot of them are Bolsheviki at heart." Perhaps they are, but if Bolsheviki are human beings, of course they adore Alice.

"What will become of you women?" Mr. Cranfield repeats slowly. "That is why we have got to fight."

"Until you are all exterminated," says Alice remorselessly. "And then?"

"And then? It drives me crazy to think of it."

"Well, Papa, I think we women will manage to take care of ourselves, whatever happens."

"Take care of yourselves!" exclaims Mr. Cranfield angrily. "You foolish child, you don't know what you are talking about." It is an especially sore point with him, that neither his wife nor his daughters will share his fears.

"Girls are queer creatures," he philosophizes, after we have retired to his cosy study to smoke and argue out the problem of Bolshevism. "Now look at that girl. Born to luxury, bred in luxury, she'd be in despair if she couldn't have everything she wants. When she marries, fifty thousand a year will be the least she can live on. And if her husband can't make it I suppose she'll come home. But tell her that when the Bolsheviki come she'll be glad to share a crust out of a dirty pocket or eat stew out of a common dish with a crew of riff-raff, it doesn't worry her a bit. It will be more interesting, she says. We have a terribly dull time, she says, seeing nobody but stiff bourgeoisie. The proletariat are much more intelligent. She learned that in war-work."

"That sounds to me as if Bolshevism had taken root in your own house," I ventured.

"Maybe it has. Of course I don't take her too seriously. But that's just the danger with Bolshevism. It gets hold of the rising generation. It's taking root everywhere. What has come over the world, anyhow? Labor used to be satisfied with what it got, even when it got little."

"Oh was it?" I demanded. "You have forgotten the inscription on this rug." It was a thicknapped Syrian rug of wine colored ground, bordered with an ominous inscription in broad letters of gold. "Think not that palace walls can shield thee from the sword of wrath of a just god." So Dr. Leib had interpreted it, and in the old, secure days we used to make merry over this richly glowing curse wrought by an unknown sweated worker of the Lebanon against the mighty who should tread upon the fruits of his labor.

"There has always been some discontent," Mr. Cranfield admitted. "But it never grew into a system till now. It never was a real menace. We were sleeping. We should have stopped it at the beginning."

"Yes," I said, "as you used to say there are reforms long overdue, and a need of more thoroughgoing education——"

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"Reforms! Education! Bah! Haven't we reformed for generations, and have we any security today against wholesale robbery and universal murder? Guns and jails, those are what we need. And strong men at the head of affairs who won't temporize."

"And none of our old liberal talk of the harmony of class interests," I suggested.

"No, none of that," Mr. Cranfield assented vigorously. "Harmony of interest, what rot! I've got what I've got, and they want it. Well, we'll fight, that's all."

"No more pretence of democracy, of equality of worth and all that sort of thing," I added. "It just leads to fraternizing."

"That's exactly it. Look at Alice, now. You can't take her too seriously, of course; but it's weakening to have people express such views, even in fun. All of us who have anything have just got to stand together, and no quarter."

That is where Mr. Cranfield, ancient liberal of the prosperous class, now takes his stand. Ghost ridden, you say? Yes; but the fear of ghosts is just as real as any other. And just as infectious.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Greek Peace Claims

SIR: Will you permit me to reply briefly to the statements against the Greek claims at the Peace Conference, contained in a letter by "Eothen" published in your issue of February 8, 1919?

The writer bases his contentions chiefly on alleged discrepancies between the statistics quoted by Mr. Venizelos, Mr. Metaxa and Mr. Kyriakides respectively. In reality, to any one even remotely acquainted with the subject, there is no discrepancy. If "Eothen" had read Mr. Venizelos's memorandum to the Peace Conference, of which I possess a printed copy, he would have seen that it is based, not on Synvet's work of 1878, but on the last official Turkish census of 1908 and that the figure given (1,188,359) of the Greek population of Asia Minor represents what is left after deducting the Greek populations of the vilayet of Trebizond, which Mr. Venizelos proposes should be annexed to Armenia, of the town of Broussa, which he supposes will be left to the Turks, and of the counties of Ismid and Dardanelles, which will probably form part of the Free State of Constantinople. Adding these populations we obtain a total of 1,694,000 Greeks for the whole of Asia Minor, which is practically identical with Mr. Metaxa's figure. To this latter figure, Mr. Kyriakides evidently added the Greek population of the Asia Minor coast islands (from Tenedos to Castellorizo, 267,411) of the Dodecanese (102,000) and Cyprus (235,000) and thus obtained a total of 2,300,000 Greeks living in and near Asia Minor.

In Mr. Venizelos's memorandum the islands fringing the coast of Asia Minor (exclusive of Cyprus, which is not under discussion at present) are treated as forming an integral part of the Asia Minor mainland geographically, ethnically, socially and commercially. This is evident from the merest glance at the map. And the Turks cannot impugn this view, for it has been their own insistent contention since 1913 and the ground on which they refused to accept the award of some of those islands to Greece by the Powers.

Coming to the question of Constantinople, "Eothen" again confuses the areas, to which the figures quoted refer. Some statisticians speak of the city proper, others more properly include the Asiatic shore and the whole Bosphorus and hinterland, which go to make up "Greater Constantinople" like "Greater New York" or "Greater London."

Mr. Venizelos's estimate for the European shore of the City proper, (Stamboul, Pera and Kutchuk Chekmedje) is 841,108, which tallies fairly with the 873,565 quoted by "Eothen" from the Encyclopedia Britannica, (Van Millingen). But Mr. Venizelos adds 258,490 for the Asiatic shore (county of Scutari) and 74,075 for the European hinterland (county of Chataldja), thus bringing up the whole population of Greater Constantinople to a total of 1,173,673. Of this total, only 449,114 are Turks, forming less than 40 per cent of the whole. The Greeks number 364,459 (including 65,000 who are Greek citizens resident at Constantinople), the Armenians 159,193, the Jews 46,521, the foreigners 150,055 and the Bulgarians 4331. The above numbers can only err in favor of the Turks owing to the interest of the Turkish government to exaggerate its own population.

It is evident, therefore, that apart from their proved incapacity and unworthiness to govern the other races, the Turks are not even numerically in the ascendant at Constantinople.

Hence Mr. Venizelos very justly points out that the most natural solution would be to give Constantinople to the Greeks, who are more numerous than all the other non-Turkish inhabitants together. But he also indicates the advisability, in view of the great and complex international interest centreing at Constantinople, of creating there a free state under the protection and control of the League of Nations. This state would presumably include the provinces of Ismid, Dardanelles and Gallipoli.

The same confusion as to statistics pursues "Eothen" in his remarks about Thrace. Mr. Metaxa, in estimating the Greeks of Thrace at 267,675 is manifestly speaking of what is today Turkish Thrace exclusive of Constantinople, having deducted from the 366,363 Greeks of the vilayet of Adrianople (1908) the 100,000 annexed to Bulgaria under the treaty of Bucharest (1913). Mr. Roussos, in speaking of the 700,000 Greeks of Thrace, apparently included those of Constantinople (366,363 plus 364,459), which is generally included in Thrace.

All these figures are based upon the Turkish official census of 1908, which was the last ever taken or published. The alleged official Turkish statistics for 1918 quoted by "Eothen" can only be treated as a ghastly joke—the "latest reliable information" about a population that had been subjected for five years to a merciless and systematic extermination by Turks and Bulgarians, through massacre, starvation, enrollment and deportation. Such statis-

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tics only a Turk, a Bulgarian or a German is capable of quoting. But if these figures happen to be correct, we would then put the question to the Turkish and Bulgarian governments what has become of the missing 112,000 Greeks in Thrace, who represent the difference between the 1908 and 1918 census.

Now, the Turkish census of 1908 gives the population of Thrace, as it was before the Balkan War (exclusive of Constantinople and Chataldja county) at 1,026,973, whereof 508,311 are Turks, 366,363 Greeks, 107,843 Bulgars, 24,000 Armenians and 19,300 Jews. While in Thrace including what is at present Bulgarian territory the proportion of Greeks to Bulgars is as 3½ Greeks to 1 Bulgar. In those counties in which "Eothen" claims that Bulgarians dwell compactly as in the Dedeagatch, Gumuldjina, Demotica and Adrianople counties, their strength is less than one-half of the Greeks (74,208 to 163,880). In Kirk-Klisse county they number only 28,655 as against 76,502 Greeks.

In the rearrangement of Thrace now proposed at the Peace Conference Bulgaria would retain all the Pomaks (Mussulman Bulgarians) and the counties of Mustapha-Pasha and Tyrnovo and even so there would still be about 20,000 Greeks in these districts left under Bulgarian rule.

"Eothen" casts doubt upon Mr. Venizelos's statement about the Greco-Bulgarian agreement of 1912, which "fixed the Greek interests in Thrace at six times those of Bulgaria." If "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," total ignorance would seem to be even worse. The agreement in question is a perfectly authentic and official instrument, drawn up between the Greek and Bulgarian leaders (not the governments but the chiefs of the Greek and Bulgarian Ottomans). Its object was to secure a perfect cooperation of the Christians of Thrace and Macedonia in the elections to the Ottoman Parliament. The young Turks had assigned 18 seats in Constantinople, Thrace and Macedonia to the Christians. The aforesaid agreement apportioned these seats as follows: In Thrace and Constantinople, 6 Greek seats to 1 Bulgarian, in Macedonia, 8 Greeks to 3 Bulgarians. And with regard to Thrace, as the Bulgarian population was very sparsely scattered over several counties, and there was some doubt as to whether they would succeed in electing even their one deputy, it was expressly stipulated in the aforesaid agreement that, in case they failed to do so and seven Greeks were elected, one of them would resign his seat in favor of the Bulgarian candidate.

This agreement, which was signed at Constantinople and ratified by both the Greek Patriarchate and the Bulgarian Exarchate is an irrefutable admission on the part of the Bulgarians of their great numerical inferiority both in Thrace and Macedonia and it is but natural that they and their friends are doing their best to forget its existence. Yet it is an authentic official document duly signed and sealed in duplicate and at least one copy is still extant.

It is also noteworthy as having paved the way a few months later, for the formation of the Balkan League, due chiefly to Mr. Venizelos's initiative.

As regards "Eothen's" sarcasms about Greece's fears of Bulgarian naval expansion, let me inform him that, absurd as it may seem, Bulgaria's ambition has always been to create a naval power, as soon as she should reach the Mediterranean or the Adriatic. This dream, which figures incessantly in the writings of Bulgarian imperialists, was of course impossible so long as Bulgaria had no sea-coast except on the Black Sea, and Turkey continued to be mistress of the Straits. But the Treaty of Bucharest (1913) giving Bulgaria access to the Aegean Sea, had barely been signed, when the Bulgarian government appointed a large commission to examine and survey the Bay of Porto-Lagos, near Cavalla, and opened negotiations for a foreign loan, with a view to creating there a first-class naval base. And in the great war just ended Dedeagatch, poor harbor as it is, served as the chief base for the German submarines operating in the eastern Mediterranean. The creation, therefore, of a Bulgarian navy of submarines is not at all the chimera, which "Eothen" affects to consider it.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

MACEDONIAN.

The Y. M. C. A. Defended

SIR: Sergeant Powers, whose name appears at the end of the article about the Y. M. C. A. in your issue of February 8th, is a good writer and tells a good story. This, joined to the fact that there is in this country today a distinct prejudice in favor of those making accusations, have combined to produce a readable article, and have led the New Republic to print one which is scarcely fair to the Y. M. C. A.

It is easy to match every incident related by Sergeant Powers with fifty equally authenticated and impressive which reveal the "Y" as helpful, appreciated, zealous and more than measurably living up to its tremendous and exceptional opportunities.

Not only an equal number, but an endless number of authentic instances might be induced of incompetence, ridiculous officialism, pathetic blundering and perverse blindness in the War Department, and these stories doubtless would have come to the surface as soon as, or sooner than, stories about the "Y," had it been possible, proper or patriotic to print or pronounce them. One might not talk about the War Department, one could talk of the "Y"—therefore it has been the goat.

Of course, Maude Radford Warren's statement "Without the Y. M. C. A. we could not win the war, etc.," justly deserves all the soldiers said about it. No one makes any such claim for the "Y," least of all its own responsible officials. I have not been in France, but have visited twenty of the large camps in this country with special attention to the half dozen welfare agencies whose work has been so unique and distinctive a feature of our military establishments. The business of war at best is sordid, depressing, and the surroundings in camp dreary, disheartening—the reverse of everything that is homelike. Without making any such extreme statement as Mrs. Warren's, one may, without doing more than justice to the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Association, the Knights of Columbus, the American Library Association, the Jewish Welfare Board, etc., make a very strong statement as to the importance and salutary results of their work. One dark night in November, 1917, I visited in turn eight welfare huts at Camp Sherman. Compared with all the rest of the camp they were light, attractive, social centres, with music, books, entertainment, social privileges; they were all full of men evidently enjoying and appreciating the advantages. Irrespective of any unlovely aspect of the work of these organizations, or the spirit in which it is done, their place in the great war both at home and abroad is clearly set forth the moment one reflects how different would have been the camps, the transports, the trenches if at one stroke all the buildings, facilities, personnel and

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equipment of these organizations had been swept away. It would have removed a highly important element of morale; it would have left a gap which no other agency or group of agencies could so well have filled. Does any soldier who criticizes the Y. M. C. A. go so far as to prefer its total abolition from war work?

J. I. WYER, JR.

Albany, New York.

Other Social Programmes

SIR: May I voice the regret I feel sure many of your readers will feel that you did not look over the "social programmes" of the leading denominations of the United States before writing your recent editorial entitled How They Do Things in Canada? The pronouncements of the Hamilton Conference are first rate, no doubt. And we can rejoice with our Canadian brothers in Christ that they have come to something like an understanding of the revolutionary teachings of their Master in the matter of our economic and industrial relations. But you speak ill-informedly in declaring that their pronouncements "exhibit a degree of courage and enlightenment unexampled in the work of any religious body in the United States. . . ." Several of the denominations here have adopted programmes quite as clear and uncompromising as this of the Canadian Methodists. I have in mind such programmes as, for example, that of the Social Service Commission of the Universalist Church in which among other things a complete and radical reorganization of society into the form of an industrial democracy is recommended as the only consistently Christian solution of our present economic inequities and inequalities. A similar *tone,* if not an actual demand for industrial democracy, you will find in the "social" proclamations of several other denominations on our side of the Canadian border.

FRANK CARLETON DOAN.

New York City.

What Was He Sentenced For?

SIR: In the issue of the New Republic of February 8th, Mr. Robert F. Stephenson accuses you of making untrue statements and claims that in order for a defendant under the Espionage act to be sentenced, he must do at least one of three acts; he must either:

(1) Wilfully make or convey a false statement or report with intent to interfere with the operation or success of the military forces, or, (2) wilfully cause or attempt to cause insubordination, etc., in the military forces, or (3) wilfully obstruct the recruiting or enlistment services.

About two weeks ago, Dr. Morris Zucker, a dentist of Brooklyn, was sentenced to fifteen years in prison for a speech that he made a month *after the armistice was signed,* after the objects for which we fought had been, according to the President, won.

The speech in the writer's opinion was perfectly proper and harmless and did not deserve a sentence of fifteen minutes. But assuming that the speech was "seditious" or "disloyal," in what way could it have interfered, (1) With the operation or success of our military forces (2) How could it have caused insubordination in the military forces (3) How could it have wilfully obstructed the recruiting or enlistment services?

Will the indignant Mr. Stephenson tell us what the defendant above mentioned was sentenced for?

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, M.D.

New York City.

A Memorandum

SIR: I recently heard ex-President Taft expound the idea of the "League to Enforce Peace," and one of its objects, when established, he said, would be "to hold Germany down," repeating the expression emphatically more than once. He further said that in pursuance of this purpose the League would create a number of republics to the east and south of Germany "to hem her in." There came to my mind the "encirclement" policy which in pre-war days Germany used to charge against the Entente, which Great Britain, however, frequently disclaimed. Is this policy to be avowedly followed in the future, America becoming a party to the scheme? It was something that, whether real or imaginary, bred great bitterness in the minds of Germans a while ago, and in a way prepared for the war; are we, the Allies and ourselves, now deliberately to sow seeds that may lead to another war—and this not against an autocratic, but a revolutionary and democratic Germany?

Mr. Taft declared that a "League to Enforce Peace" already exists in the person of the Five Powers, and he added that in time on this as a basis another League might arise which would take in all the nations of the world. This looked like an express separation of the "League to Enforce Peace" from a "League of Nations," such as Mr. Wilson conceives; the latter is not to be initiated at the Peace Conference, but at some indefinite time in the future.

I am merely making a memorandum, for the thoughtful among us to consider.

WILLIAM M. SALTER.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

"The Wonderful Experience"

SIR: The war has carried us a great stride forward toward the goal of permanent peace. Yet in some phases of our national thought on war, we are more militaristic than we were four years ago. Just an instance. How many men, intelligent men, have you heard say "What a wonderful experience for our boys who have been at the front. How much stronger, keener, truer, they must be from their life with the army?" A trivial expression, but so generally heard that it points to a widespread state of mind. A harmless enough way of thinking, it seems, but is it? In the first place, it's dangerous reasoning, because in many cases it's untrue. Physically, is a man benefited by weeks of living in filthy, knee-deep mud, by the strain of twelve, fifteen or twenty-four hours of exertion a day, by the nervous shock of mine and shell, by being gassed? Mentally, is he made more efficient by being reduced to a brainless cog in a wheel, or more sensitive to the finer things in life by months of monotony of camp routine, and by the squalor and filth of the trenches, with neither time nor any but a rare opportunity for keeping up his acquaintance with books and friends? Morally, is a man better fitted to live among men when he has graduated from the most thorough college in the world—where a human being learns to look complacently at death in its most hideous forms, and the life of a man isn't worth the

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snap of a finger? We have been struggling up through the years to an ever "Higher Standard of Living"; to plunge a man back into the life of a savage is far from conferring a blessing on him. Ask the soldier himself. In the second place, this talk of "Wonderful Experience" leads too easily to the state of mind where another "Wonderful Experience" looks worth while for its own sake, if it doesn't indeed prove that that point has already been reached. Only a couple of years ago, Bernhardi's extolling of the blessings of war and his principle of biological survival of the fittest were held up as the most typical of Hun perversions. We had learned to look at war in its true light as a destructive, deadly, withering blight. The war came. For us there was no alternative. The Hun had to be beaten, and we undertook the job as an unpleasant duty to be done and got through with in the most thorough and speedy way possible.

Let us take care now that we don't find ourselves too well pleased with our comparatively easy time of it, and let war become a national hope instead of a hated bugaboo. And right now, let's stop this talk of the soldier's "Wonderful Experience."

O. J. F.

Little Falls, New York.

A Baby Is a Bundle

SIR: Not for some time have I helped the New Republic. Running the navy as petty officer of the lowest grade has kept me busy. But now again I have leisure to assist. You discuss the status of babies as bundles in the army. Incidentally and as a criterion, you touch upon pushing a baby carriage by an officer—thinking that this is not covered by regulations. It is. A regulation at the ordnance school at Ft. Monroe says officers shall not carry bundles, umbrellas or push baby carriages. Certainly a baby's status is somewhere between that of a bundle and an umbrella.

K. O'HARA.

Princeton, New Jersey.

The Factor of Racial Movement

SIR: The difficult problem of national minorities and the so-called rights of self-determination involve one important element which is not receiving an adequate amount of discussion in some phases of the peace settlement. This is the factor of the racial movement of population and its effects in the future. In addition to being an element in the Balkan situation it has considerable influence in the Polish question. Silesia, which was once regarded as Polish territory has now succumbed to German influence, and the city of Breslau, once regarded as a Polish city, is now as German in its characteristics as Hamburg or Berlin. To urge any claim to this territory because it had once been Polish would be contrary to the letter and spirit of national self-determination. The trend of population growth must be considered in a case of this type. If one racial group is outstripping another in numbers then this fact has great significance in those regions where racial numbers are about equally divided. An adjustment which is likely to secure lasting peace must take into consideration the element of racial growth.

JAMES G. STEVENS.

The Californian Woman's Land Army

SIR: Your editorial note (issue January 11th) on the Woman's Land Army, is of great interest to the members of that organization in Northern California where the economic standards of which you speak have been worked out as follows:

1. Equal pay for equal work.
2. No displacement of local labor.
3. No undercutting of wages.
4. Eight hours of work; with not more than two hours of overtime at a time and one-quarter rate.
5. One day rest in seven; except when absolutely necessary to save crops.
6. Weight lifting restricted to twenty-five pounds per woman.
7. All workers protected in accordance with the Workman's Compensation Insurance and Safety act of 1907, State of California.
8. Proper housing and working conditions.

These conditions were established under the able leadership of our chairman for Northern California, Mrs. Sydney Joseph, whose university training in economics particularly fitted her for this work. Maintenance of the above standards was further insured by the cooperation of Mrs. Katherine Philips Edson, of the California Industrial Welfare Commission. A contract was signed with each employer, guaranteeing the standards of the Woman's Land Army, nature and duration of employment, number of workers to be provided and scale of wages to be paid.

In each district our wage scale was founded on the going wage scale for male labor in that district, with the result that our lowest gross wage was $12.00 per week for eight hour day, $15.00 per week for ten hour day, and our highest gross wage was $21.00 per week for eight hour day, the latter wage having been paid for corn husking during the harvest season. With this record of wages we must respectfully ask that the land workers of Northern California be not included among the fifteen thousand women who worked for the "modest sum of $15.00 per month" in other parts of the United States.

Our camps were built for us under the supervision of the California Commission of Immigration and Housing, and were operated on a self-supporting basis. A semi-military form of government proved admirably adapted to the control of women in large groups, and due attention was given to wholesome food, hygiene, welfare and recreation.

Each worker was charged $1.00 per day, which covered food, supervision, kitchen staff, fuel and recreation, and an additional sum of ten cents weekly supported a "Health Benefit Fund," which provided medical attendance and remedies.

The largest camp membership was 108; our camps were eight in number, and during their period of operation administered funds amounting to more than seventeen thousand dollars. All our camps were solvent, and each of the larger camps concluded its season with a surplus of several hundred dollars. We closed the season of 1918 with a record of patriotic service based on sound economic principles, and a record of efficiency in our camps based on sound business management, and we look forward to the season of 1919 with confidence that under the same standards there will be possible no exploitation of women in agriculture.

ALICE GRAYDON PHILLIPS.

San Francisco, California.

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Books and Things

TO the special, A. P. and U. P. correspondents in Paris I offer a mixture of sympathy and wonder. They learn what they can and cable when they must. Consider the dispatches that come across the water—" what they treat of, how passably they are done. Straw that has been thrashed a hundred times without wheat; ephemeral sound of a sound; such portent of the hour as all men have seen a hundred times turn out inane: how a man, with merely human faculty, buckles himself nightly with new vigor and interest to this thrashed straw, nightly thrashes it anew, nightly gets up new thunder about it; and so goes on thrashing and thundering for a considerable series of " weeks; " this is a fact remaining still to be accounted for, in human physiology. The vitality of man is great."

These correspondents are vigilant and tireless. I neither criticize them nor have in mind any one who both could do their job better and would do it at all. Yet the Paris described for our enlightenment day by day is poor in concretions. Among those present I notice world movements and underlying forces. I notice cynicism, idealism, pessimism, optimism, egotism, altruism, laodiceanism, fanaticism, conservatism, liberalism, militarism, pacificism, individualism, socialism, patriotism, internationalism, autocratism, bolshevism, aristagogism, demagogism, determinism, free-willism, perfectabilism. I notice also, not so distinct and scarcely more human, a few proper names that appear to be carriers of these abstractions. What else are they?

For practical purposes, for our sakes who wish to keep score and to bet on the result of the next inning, it is convenient to have the correspondents disregard all of a man except the opinions he has or thinks he has, the side he takes and his might as a fighter for his side. A world so simplified is tidy and handy, no doubt, but it is also schematic and fleshless and de-human-natured. Not so ought history to be written if it is also to be read.

Reading about this peace conference in the cables we forget that the men who gather in the limelight or crowd the wings have each his own little ways. One eats too much, another prefers green cigars, a third wears undershirts of the same thickness the year round. Perhaps there is a French commissioner who does not fear a courant d'air —an Englishman whose colleagues would not trust him, should he be cast upon a desert island, alone, to shave every day—an American who would gravely compromise our case by putting ice in his Burgundy, were Mr. Henry White not there to avert the sacrilege.

Paris is full of speech-makers and debaters, no two alike. I crave such details as Clarendon has given us of the debaters who flourished in his day. Prince Rupert " was rough, and passionate and loved not debate, liked what was proposed as he liked the persons who proposed it." Sir Thomas Coventry " had in the playne way of speakinge and delivery (without much ornament of eloqution) a strange power of makinge himselfe believed (the only justifiable designe of eloquence)." Another persuader of men was Hampden, who " was of that rare affability and temper in debate, and of that seeminge humillity and submissyon of judgment, as if he brought no opinyons with him, but a designe of information and instruction, yet he had so subtle a way of interrogatinge, and under the notion of doubts, insinuatinge his objections, that he left his opinions with those, from whom he praetended to learn and receave them."

I did not dig these passages out of Clarendon, but find them in Characters from the Histories and Memoirs of the Seventeenth Century, edited by David Nichol Smith (Oxford University Press, $2.40). This book is an anthology of portraits. The subjects are notables, the painters men who knew them well. Mr. Nichol Smith begins with the first and ends with the second James. In between are both the Charleses, Cromwell, Hampden, Pym, Ben Jonson, Bacon, the first and second Dukes of Buckingham, divines, royalist generals—about ninety portraits in all, done by many hands on many scales, from Aubrey's jottings to Clarendon's fullest lengths.

Aubrey gives us a vivid homely picture of Hobbes: " He had always a book of prick-song lying on his Table: e.g. of H. Lawes, &c. Songs: which at night when he was a bed, and the dores made fast, and was sure no body heard him, he sang aloud, (not that he had a very good voice) but to cleare his pipes: he did believe it did his Lunges good, & conduced much to prolong his life." It is Aubrey who describes Milton as "of a very chearful humour. He was very healthy, & free from all diseases, seldome tooke any Physique, only sometimes he tooke Manna, and only towards his later end he was visited with the Gowte—Spring & Fall: he would be chearfull even in his Gowte-fitts: & sing." This is indeed a picture of cheerfulness, and the happiest man in the book is another Puritan, Colonel John Hutchinson, of whom Lucy, his widow, tells us how " every thing that it was necessary for him to doe he did with delight."

" I cannot agree, " Lord Morley has said, " with those who put either Clarendon or Burnet on a level with the characters in St. Simon or the Cardinal de Retz. There is a subtlety of analysis, a searching penetration, a breadth of moral comprehension, in the Frenchmen, which I do not find, nor, in truth, much desire to find, in our countrymen. A homelier hand does well enough for homelier men." Perhaps it does, but read the character of Charles II in this book, by George Savile, Marquis of Halifax. It has " a searching penetration," a subtlety in commonsense, an experienced wisdom and a destructive tolerance, that would make it remarkable in any company. Its inferiority to St. Simon is in composition and in power to make men and women visible, not in insight, not in power to take his subject to pieces. There is more mind in this character by Halifax than in any other in the book, and more wit too, I think, if we except the character of Henry Hastings, by Shaftesbury: " He was well natured, but soon angry, calling his servants bastard and cuckoldy knaves in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge, and sometimes in both, though of the same man."

These Seventeenth Century characters make a book to read and reread and travel with. Mr. Nichol Smith's learned and entertaining introductory essay tells us how people began to write characters in England and why they stopped. His notes tell us in the neatest way just what we want to know. But there is one kind of curiosity which he naturally does not satisfy, our curiosity about Mr. Nichol Smith. From Who's Who I learn that he was born in Edinburgh in 1875, is Goldsmiths' Reader in English at Oxford, that he has edited books of selections from Brunetière, Boileau, Dryden, Hazlitt, Jeffrey, and has published an essay, which I mean to read as soon as I can get hold of it, on the Functions of Criticism. From Mr. Harold J. Laski I learn something more—that Mr. Nichol Smith's taste in wine and cigars is as exquisite as his taste in literature, that he is very striking in personal appearance and extraordinarily whimsical, and that he has a memory to which Mr. David M. Roth, had he trained it, would point with pride.

P. L.

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After the Play

OF modern Irish dramatists there are two with pervading magic—Synge and Lord Dunsany. They are little alike. It is more difficult to compare them than to compare the tributes they exact. They share a predilection for minted phrases, and an air of remoteness from ordinary life; with these traits the similarity ceases. It is the older and more saturnine who has the power to compel a passion of admiration; Lord Dunsany moves us to brief, impersonal delight. Delight is a word worn thin and smooth and bare of impress like an old coin by much handling, but it is the one word for what we feel at a performance of The Gods of the Mountain, or, better, at a reading of it. Delight in the just epithet, the musical, clever phrase, the satiric turn of situation, the haunting name. What could be better than "Woldery wine?" Wine has been a subject for rapt consideration these many centuries. Legends have crystalized in the syllables of Rhenish and Madeira, Roman Blood and Benedictine, but the race has invented no name for the yield of any sun-drenched province that will compare with Woldery. The names in the play are the height of phonetic dexterity. In the matter of this mythical wine it is dexterity kindling into humor and poetry.

It is as well to say at once that I found the three Dunsany plays holding forth under Stuart Walker in the intimacy of the Punch and Judy Theatre to be most engaging. One could hardly fail in response to the brilliant irony of event and symbol in The Golden Doom, King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior, and The Gods of the Mountain. They are excellently staged, with a piquant dash of informality. The settings as well as the costumes hold the attention where it belongs by means of centralizing flashes, making the most of the fact that limitations of period and place are so lacking as to require artificial substitutes. The acting is both good and bad. It has sometimes an uncommercialized, unstandardized quality most refreshing, and the more important parts, such as that of Agmar in The Gods, are taken with ease and dignity. Perhaps more is done in the way of acting than the plays call for. In the two extremes of society that people the dramas there is little to impersonate. The slaves and beggars are given a chance to grovel and howl. The courtiers are pageant figures, moving picturesquely, speaking graciously. So far as I can remember there is never a character in all Dunsany. There is nothing but technique.

However his technique is sufficiently marvellous to stand alone. Somewhere there exists a statement that comedy depends on character and farce on situation. There is small point in the distinction, and none in affixing labels, for in our reaction against the school of Scribe farce has become unfairly synonymous with trash. These plays are far from trash, but they do depend on situation, and not on human interplay for their dramatic appeal. They are elaborated, though rather shallow studies in the psychology of fatalism, superstition, and credulity. It is the poetry of their speech, the vividness of their coloring, and the crisp, O. Henry construction that give them charm. They are built up of segments of repartee with a framework of kismet and chance. When Agmar the beggar poses as a god a woman comes praying that he save the life of her child. He must somehow put her off without rousing suspicion of his power, and he does it with one question, "Whose child is death?"

This is masterly; in the theatre it is a moment to be remembered. But it is meretricious too, an exquisite solemn jest masquerading as profound wisdom. We know by his letter to Stuart Walter that Lord Dunsany takes himself seriously, but this is of his best, and we cannot take it seriously. Nothing is achieved by the artifice save effectiveness. We question instinctively whether anything else was desired. In King Argimenes the plot is made fairly anecdotal by a flippant ending. Argimenes has been a crawling slave, longing in his savage hunger for the death of the king's dog. He finds a sword, kills the king, and takes the throne. The death of the king's dog is announced, and Argimenes, his hunger still unappeased, forgets himself so far as to rush for the carcass. Then, recovering, he gives direction that the dog be buried with the body of the late king. It is a joke that captures every audience, but it shifts the emphasis of all that precedes it from the heroic to the mock heroic. The two acts hang on that quip, and somehow take character from it. Still there is great wizardry in King Argimenes.

It is hard to stage the entrance of seven gods of green jade with impressiveness, however low the lights may burn; the spectacle of an ex-king growling dog-like over a "sweet bone" in the slave-yard is a little too much for bourgeois risibilities, no matter what devices may be used to soften and obscure. Lord Dunsany is often imaginative without being dramatic, and sets problems in the fourth dimension for those who try to present him. The theory of acting that underlies Stuart Walker's production is a compromise between the demands of the plays and the demands of stage tradition. It is to be resented that one of the beggars should chase a streamer from his rags like a puppy rounding after his tail, but there is little of such cheap business. The acting in the main is comparatively natural and wholesome. But to give the plays as I should like to see them would demand a revolution in stage practise. It would be necessary to erase from the actors' minds all devices for putting talk across the footlights and all rules for word and gesture in which beginners on the stage are trained. The speeches should be said, and not declaimed. To interpolate even a shadow of the old fustian into these new and fanciful fairylands is to mix two kinds of clashing make-believe, two antipathetic unrealities. Acting is taught by the apprentice system, and is consequently conservative. It is far behind the art of play-writing, even farther behind the art of scenic suggestion. It is as palpable a mistake to use actors with nineteenth century ideals in plays of a newer time as it would be to substitute a blue-print interior of Buckingham palace for the solitary throne of tusks in the court scenes of The Golden Doom. But there are no other actors. Even George Gaul bows in the end to the desire for a passion torn to shreds.

It would not pay to train for Dunsany parts exclusively. When the interchange is merely commonplace, as in our American tragi-comedies, a calculated exaggeration of expression is required to bolster up the effects. A surplus of froth and thunder are counted on to denote crisis. Lord Dunsany's points are more subtle, and completely unemotional. He never lets himself go. But the journeyman actor misapprehends the intention, and underlines significant passages and actions with a violence quite out of keeping. Two slaves, supposedly hard at work, wave their shovels in excited gesticulation, and obviously get nothing done. It is of less importance to the illusion when this happens in Hamlet, for the grave-diggers smell of the earth in which they dig. Zarb does not. He needs every tie that will bind him to actuality. Those who play Dunsany parts should, I believe, walk and talk as if they had never heard of an audience.

M. A.

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Petrograd in 1917

The Secret City, by Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.60.

ALLURED by Russia and well acquainted with Russian men and women, Mr. Walpole had the great luck to be in Petrograd in 1917. To another novelist, a man of coarser screen, the temptation to write "the" novel of the Russian Revolution under such circumstances might easily have been too much. Mr. Walpole seized on the opportunity in a quite different spirit. He had his own view of the Revolution, could not help having it, but he is definitely the kind of novelist who deals intensively with persons and places. This, therefore, is not a story of Russia in revolution so much as a story of certain skeins caught in the whirling machinery of 1917 and drawn into this and that social pattern of the moment. Of course the Revolution is utilized, but solely as it comes to these people of his in Petrograd, certain Englishmen as well as a group of Russian people interwoven with the living city itself. It is characteristic of Mr. Walpole's intensive interests that the Secret City of his title is not the vividly personal Petrograd which he loves to depict. "There's a secret city in every man's heart. It is at that city's altars that the true prayers are offered."

Mr. Walpole is a storyteller with something in him besides fine facility, and it is fascinating to consider this excellent example of his work. Sensitive, responsive, charming, we follow at his heels as faithfully as the poor doggie followed Mother Hubbard, and then when he comes to deliver the goods we find that he is a sort of irregular provider. He has warmth of feeling, almost the warmth of a great Russian novel. He has an intense consciousness of the people he knows, almost as intense as Henry James's. And he has something in him that corresponds in fiction to the glamour of the spotlight in the theatre, and low music and a sob in the throat—which he employs ever so gently and persuasively. But there is something wrong at the core of it, something operating like outside metal to magnetize Mr. Walpole in a direction not self-determined. Is it a code to which he is a slave? Is he the victim of a snobbishness or an imaginary aesthetic obligation? Is he afraid that his own authentic experiences are too spotty, too thin? Whatever the reason, he is an admirable specimen of the near-great novelist, with only flashes of that mysterious and often forbidding loneliness about him which is the sign that a soul is honestly finding out its way.

It is Mr. Walpole's gift, for instance, to create an atmosphere by narrating in the first person. Charm of this kind is of course variable. Some feel it, some not, but Mr. Walpole's I-witness may be set down as a person who observes the amenities in an attractive way, a gentleman with a sorrow who is not too self-absorbed and is finely avuncular to the pretty feminine Russians who trust him. (He has sciatica, but it is borne as a gentleman alone could bear it). This emanation of charm has nothing to do, favorably or unfavorably, with the other qualities of the story. Charm is a light that plays sunnily about, an irradiation that St. Francis or Joan of Arc may possess, or a Cellini or a Cleopatra. But while the blessedness of the narrator does genuinely inhabit The Secret City, and appeals to something in most of us that yearns to people and places that hold out a parental solace, there are accompanying blandishments exercised by Mr. Walpole which make one view him with alarm. To wit, he produces a strong, silent Englishman of mature years who has never known woman until he meets and loves Vera. Once a famous international football-player, mark him well, he smokes a trusty old briar pipe. There is something about this lad's virility, and reticence, and sturdy helpfulness, and chastity, which demands that Mr. Walpole bring forward a countervailing circumstance either in the man himself or in a rival or in Vera's requirements from life. Not a thing is brought forward out of the swollen stores of human actuality. Mr. Walpole does say he is "ugly," but that means nice Harris-tweed, rough-coated, dog-eyed, homey ugliness. Then, Mr. Walpole boasts, when you thought he was thinking of trivialities he was thinking of Euripides and when you thought he was thinking of Euripides he was thinking of Marie Corelli. But that does not damage the big-hearted giant in our infatuated eyes. That feeds our flame. Similarly, Mr. Walpole confers on the narrator an incorrigibly devoted gutter-rat, a gutter-rat who nurses the sciatica-victim, out in the windy shack where the narrator lives wistfully. (Slow music for the gutter-rat, if for anyone). There is, of course, a darker villain, a cold sarcastic villain who spends his days turning the screw on a weak, fluttering, frantic Russian. . . . It is these leniencies in Mr. Walpole that make you realize that his fine spiritual figure is padded. Not that it makes any difference, if the universe you are interested in is a universe out for a strut.

Yet Vera and Markovitch, Mr. Walpole's Russians, are penetratingly observed. As an Edgar Allan Poe Mr. Walpole creates no tension whatever, for me. He even labors the "East is East and West is West" superstition. Where he is memorable is in the changing mood of his Petrograd; the stable and serene personality of Vera converted by love into reckless and devouring need; the straining nerves of Markovitch unable to support the loss of Vera or the crisis of his country; and the impetuosity of Nina wrecked in the Revolution. Mr. Walpole's interest seems to have been really arrested by these three personalities caught in the convulsion of 1917, and whatever use he makes of Semyonov the cold scoundrel, Lawrence the strong silent he-man, Bohun, the English Knight errant, Grogoff the tub- and woman-thumper, it is subordinate in character and quality to the theme he discerns in the others. But Petrograd is not subordinate. Petrograd so drinks up the interest of Mr. Walpole, and lives and breathes for him, that one can hardly understand why a map of the city was not included by him to show its actual veins and arteries. The city is at the centre of the narrator's thought, because his ramshackle island dwelling unites land and water for him and keeps him close to the city's mood of sky and sea. It is also at the centre of the Revolution, because the fate of the police was decided in the streets of Petrograd, and the police gave the old bureaucracy its last tentacle. The street-fighting is brilliantly described, both in the sharp dart of its poisonous fangs up and down the casual street and in the paralyzing intrusion of the revolutionists into unwitting homes. The execution of the franc-tireur Wilderling and the search for a hunted policeman in Vera's flat are surpassingly narrated. Hardly less successful are the various accounts of theatre and dinner and opera and movie-show which present unforgetably the Petrograd that preceded the Revolution. It is only in his passionate eulogy of the English ambassador that Mr. Walpole steps completely out of the picture and stamps as propagandistic and one-sided his satire of the tub-thumpers, his contemptuous reference to Lenin and his ascription of filthy conduct to Grogoff. That tribute to the egregious Sir George Buchanan, "not only a great courtier and statesman, but a great gentleman," and so on, "that high brow, that unflinching

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carriage of the head, the nobility and breeding of every movement"—it is not germane to Mr. Walpole's story and unfortunately only too germane to his politics. Those politics always give disproportionate emphasis to the "great courtier" and "the unflinching carriage of the head."

Free as Mr. Walpole should be to eulogize anyone he admires, whether Sir George Buchanan or Sir Willoughby Patterne, he arouses a strong suspicion that here is the clue to his limitations. It is not unnatural that, as an Englishman, he should see Russian history Englishly. He is doing no worse than the revered Shakespeare did when he defined Joan of Arc as a semi-lunatic, a hag, a witch and a common whore. Such are the by-products of taking your history nationalistically. But Mr. Walpole's rapt references to the high brow, the nobility and breeding of every movement, the unflinching carriage of the head—they suggest a rather too passionate admiration for the *beau geste*. The *beau geste* becomes, without much difficulty, the *faux bon*. That seems to be Mr. Walpole's failing. It is not important, it is even fortunate, that his heart runs ahead of him. It is the source of much of his infectuousness. But there are satisfactions that the imagination cannot afford and keep a grip on reality. These are satisfactions derived from hero-worship, unexamined goodness, unexamined badness, pleasures taken directly from the name on the box and the handsome profile of circumstance. These may be right enough in their time and place, but to give them first preference in life is to narrow life to its current mythology. For all his sensitiveness, this is the tendency of Mr. Walpole. His dolls remain uncommonly dear to him.

F. H.

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Economic Pieties

American Problems of Reconstruction. A National Symposium on the Economic and Financial Aspects. Edited by Elisha M. Friedman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.00.

THERE are several excellent essays in this volume and it may be ungracious to find fault with a book for what it does not deal with. But it is surely worthy of note that a book concerned with the effects of the war shows no indication that the war has produced any radical change in the current mode of American business economic thought—the same vigor and acuteness in dealing with particular ways and means and the same disinclination to deal with vital aims and purposes, which have made our economic discussions such artificial and inhuman affairs.

In the first part of the book we have indeed an eloquent essay on The American of Tomorrow which shows that the former Chairman of the Progressive party can still speak the language which thrilled so many in the campaign of 1912. We should be inspired "not by the spell of the setting of yester's sun but by the vision of the dawn of a new day." But if Mr. Perkins himself has the vision he has not communicated it in this essay. He says that men are being bound closer together and that collectivism is bound to replace individualism. But what in terms of concrete human experience all this means to Mr. Perkins is shown in the following: "The man of exceptional ability, of more than ordinary talent, will hereafter work for his rewards, for his honors, not in one direction but in two, first and foremost in some public work accomplished and second in wealth acquired."

Though a good deal of the book is devoted to international commerce—indeed the bulk of the book is devoted to questions that are primarily capitalistic or financial—there is nothing said about reconstruction in international relations. To the layman it might seem that while before the war we regarded international commerce as a purely private affair between individual merchants, the war has forced all the nations to see that their very national existence depends on the exchange of food, raw materials and manufactures. But the writers in this book do not seem to be troubled by any question of the equitable distribution of the world's supply of raw material. The keynote is struck by Mr. O. P. Austin who insists that "world trade currents cannot be radically changed by even the greatest of wars or the commercial regulation which may follow." Parenthetically Mr. Austin makes the startling assertion that the war has grown out of commercial ambition; and in a paper on foreign investments, Mr. Sisson, of the Guaranty Trust Company, warns us that foreign investments in the future must not lead to territorial aggression. But how that is to be avoided in the future which has taken place in the past we are not told. In general the writers are entirely opposed to an economic war after a military war, but are all averse to tackling the problem of tariff and free trade.

In regard to internal policy the various writers are disinclined to come to real grips with the vexed question of public control in industry. There is agreement, in the main, that under government direction during the war great economies have been effected. Despite the withdrawal of men into war and the making of munitions our output of food, raw materials and even our manufacturing facilities

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have been increased. Production has been speeded up, waste eliminated, and by stimulating research vast possibilities for the future have been opened. But the articles on the railroad and the shipping problems tamely repeat the traditional and conventional arguments in favor of private ownership with a mild admixture of government control. It is doubtless unsound to argue that what can be done by the government in time of war can also be effected in time of peace. But is it so certain that zest and enthusiasm for human welfare cannot possibly be aroused in time of peace?

In the chapter on capital, labor and the state, we come nearest to a serious effort to deal with fundamental changes. Mr. Wehle thinks that the war has weakened the position of capital and has strengthened the position of labor. When "profiteer" became a term of reproach, the natural alliance between the big interests got broken up. Manufacturers, raw material men, bankers and railroad men lost their solidarity and began blaming each other for the high prices. On the other hand labor has received greater government recognition than ever before. The need for increased production to pay the national debt and to satisfy other demands must lead the government to continue to be vitally interested in those factors which make for industrial stabilization. To the extent, therefore, that the tendencies obtaining during the war will continue, industry will be democratized and decasualized—democratized by giving labor a voice in determining working conditions and decasualized by making the employment relation more permanent. The great outstanding fact in the wage system, according to Mr. Wehle, is the insecurity of the laborer, the fact that he may be fired at any time for any or no reason. This is the fundamental basis of labor's antagonism. By making the labor group a legal partner in industry and giving it a share of the increased product, the productivity of labor would be greatly increased. This together with the government's regulation of the supply of raw material will also turn out to the advantage of manufacturers by eliminating elements of risk and interruption.

There can be no doubt that giving to labor a greater share in determining labor conditions and a greater share of the product would mean a radical transformation of our wage system. The complete humanization of labor, however, calls for more factors than Mr. Wehle mentions and much more than American employers and their supporters are ready to grant. Intelligent men, however, must recognize more and more that the solvency of a nation depends on its power to produce, and that the present wage system is frightfully wasteful—huge losses being due to preventable accidents, disease, over-strain, under-nourishment and forced idleness and indifferent or hostile workmanship.

While all questions as to the future must remain somewhat uncertain one thing seems beyond doubt, and that is that after the war we shall have to raise more taxes. The manner in which the burden of these taxes will be distributed will be decisive for our future welfare. Whether we decide to carry the public debt as England has in the past or to pay it as Prof. Seligman advocates, there will in any case be a huge interest on the public debt and if the world is to be made safe for democracy there must be increased expenditures on social legislation. How shall the revenue be raised? It is good to see Prof. Seligman press the point that taxes should be paid by those who are able to do so, by those who enjoy privileges. This means not only an increase in the income tax, making the scale of progression steeper, but that we shall, like England and Italy, draw the distinction between earned and unearned income and go in heavily for a graduated inheritance tax.

That government intervention in the financing of industry will be necessary to prevent the burden of the higher interest rate from bearing too heavily upon those least able to bear it, is the natural conclusion from Prof. Kemmerer's long paper on the rate of interest.

The only paper in the whole collection dealing with politics is the one by Dr. Cleveland, the former Director of the Bureau of Municipal Research, and is entitled, Can Democracy Be Efficient? Dr. Cleveland contends that our political machinery has been inefficient because it has had no competition. Politically we have lived in the illusion of "that time-worn, dog-eared philosophy known as laissez faire." The war, he thinks, has broken that illusion by showing the need for efficient cooperation. Efficient government means strong centralized leadership instead of our traditional division of authority, and also a highly trained staff of specialists. Such government can be democratic by making it responsible and responsive to public control. Dr. Cleveland thinks this can be brought about in this country by making the Cabinet responsible to Congress, which can be effected by simply changing the rules of Congress so as to give priority to executive measures, and requiring Cabinet members to appear personally before the House and explain and defend their measures. Under those conditions a refusal by Congress to pass such a measure would force the President either to amend the measure or to change the Cabinet.

There can be no doubt that an executive budget and closer cooperation between the Cabinet and Congress would make for more efficient government; but Dr. Cleveland's entire scheme illustrates how easy it is to devise efficiency schemes if you only ignore inconvenient facts. The inconvenient fact in this case is the President of the United States who, being also elected by the people, will never consent to yield to Congress on all occasions and thus become an ornamental figurehead like the king of England or the president of the French Republic. Indeed if Dr. Cleveland were to study French politics of the few years previous to the election of Poincaré he would see that the subordination of cabinets to Congress is not without its serious drawbacks. Dr. Cleveland, however, is wise in insisting that specialists or experts must be subordinated to public control. The danger of government by experts is briefly and wisely put by Secretary Lane in his introduction to this book.

Volumes of symposia, collected essays and other vaudeville performances are notoriously uneven and devoid of genuine unity. Men generally do not give as much careful attention to works of this sort as they do to systematic books of their own. It is easy enough for an editor to map out a field and to obtain the promise of a number of notable men to treat the various topics assigned to them, but it is very difficult to make them do it, especially if they are distinguished citizens over whom the editor has not even the power that a periodical editor has over his contributors. Efficient editing is impossible where there is no power of rejection, omission and revision. This was impossible in the volume before us not only because the contributors included bankers and trust magnates, men like Schwab and Vanderlip, but largely because the editor had no very definite views of his own other than the prevailing pieties, which he has with labored harmlessness made clear in the two introductory essays of his own. While the contributors have taken rather lightly the request to tell us what are the temporary and what the permanent effects of the war, and what should be our national economic policy, they have brought forth a good deal of valuable in-

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formation on more or less relevant industrial and financial problems. There is for instance a highly interesting article by Prof. Fisher on stabilizing the value of the dollar which calls to our attention the profoundly unscientific character of our currency. One cannot help wondering how little progress our science of physics would have made if its units of measurement were as variable as are the units of economic value. The reader will also find in this volume a clear survey of the mineral resources of our country by the Director of the U. S. Geological Survey and an illuminating and persuasive article on free ports by Prof. Clapp; also an interesting article by Senator Owen on the international rate of exchange.

This chaste and impersonal book does not say a word about woman in industry. M. R. C.

War Work

My Lorraine Journal, by Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: Harper Bros. $1.60.

WHAT the Great War was like to the men who suffered and fought and survived one speculates on, but in vain. They come from the ships, and tell one incident or another that appears to have sealed up most of their general impressions of the war. On the whole, they are mute as to the broader realities. I have in mind particularly one young friend, well equipped with eloquence before he set out with the marines, to win wounds and honor at Chateau Thierry, in the St. Mihiel salient, in the Argonne. How eagerly I searched his first letter after the armistice. A wound still troublesome, and page upon page of Christmas dinner. That was all.

One expects more of the civilians, who helped in the work behind the lines or got in its way. They must have gained more numerous impressions, cut down by distance to the capacity of human expression. But somehow they too disappoint. "A terrible but wonderful experience"—Yes, I could say as much from my remote desk. "You cannot possibly imagine what it was like." Yes, but what was it like? In such a mood of questioning you stumble across Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's journal and are glad. For this is the same Mrs. O'Shaughnessy who wrote about Mexico so vividly that after reading her books you never quite got it out of your mind that you had been in Mexico, looked into the fatalistic eyes of Madero, participated in some mysterious way in the crime of Huerta. Why should she not similarly confer upon you an illusion of France behind the firing line from Chalons to Nancy? She does.

It is an illusion of endless tired men pressing toward the battle line, just over the horizon, and yet hardly conceivable as real, from the heart of a peacefully smiling French valley. An illusion of infinite faces stamped with the strain of war. "Three faces stand out in one's mind, the captivity face, the hard, shining face and eyes of unwounded men just from the combat, and the faces of wounded aviators." Not human faces, but the finished craftsmanship of war. One also gains a vivid impression of the women drawn to the war by the passion of service and by a deeper force, obscure to the observer and obscurest of all to themselves. "Among the innumerable phenomena of this war are these women . . . brought for the first time into personal contact with man, other than father or brother, ministering to his wants, witness of his agonies, awed spectator of his continual apotheosis, and all the daily transmutations of the definite and ordinary into the infinite and divine. The world war gives the one chance for the twisting of conventional lives, lived along the straightest of lines, into completely unexpected shapes . . . these elemental women of indescribable innocence, with that warm, wondering look, or sometimes that determined and inexorable look upon their faces—"

The Lorraine Journal covers the period from June, 1917, to January, 1918. That was a period in which the war was most a contest of endurance of peoples. Great strokes of generalship were few, and no personalities stood sharply outlined. For this period, then, the task of the historian was chiefly to perceive and record collective moods. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy seems to have succeeded well in this. You hear the murmuring that only an abyss of pride stood between the peoples and peace. You share in the wonder of the fighting man over the relentless hatred of the civilian. You feel the weariness, the despair over the endlessness of it all, and yet the resolution to endure.

The book runs on easily, artlessly; you may see a good many things in it or you may see nothing, according to your mood. It is like life. It does not bring out all the best that is in the author, but it brings out some of the best—a capacity to look far over the stream of humanity and a consequent freedom from the narrow vindictive moods characteristic of some of our literary heroines of the Allied cause. But for Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's power of dramatic characterization the movement to and fro of brave, anonymous humanity offered no adequate field. Her Mexican landscapes were clear and vivid, unified by a rare animistic insight; her Lorraine landscapes are dusty and vague. A good book; but one feels that a better book was lost through the circumstance that this writer was drawn into the vortex of "war work."

ALVIN JOHNSON.

On Behalf of the Bolsheviki

Six Red Months in Russia, by Louise Bryant. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

LOUISE BRYANT is with the Bolsheviki, stirred by their aims, swept in by their enthusiasm. She meant her narrative of events in Russia during the autumn and winter of 1917-18 to be well balanced and carefully considered. As a matter of fact the thing was impossible. The people who went to Russia in 1917 had interests there, either financial or emotional. She was emotionally interested in the development of democracy, and it mattered little to her that this development should threaten the very existence of business. The Americans who went to Russia in 1917 to save some tottering financial establishment from complete ruin were differently affected by the rulings of the Soviets. The growth of liberty encroached on their immemorial privileges, and they were as honestly shocked as Miss Bryant was delighted. Because their interests were less humanitarian than hers we incline to trust them less. Lacking unbiassed observers we find it necessary to evaluate the statements of those who have had most actual contact with the present Russian government. And for good reasons those who had opportunities of knowing it were radicals.

Six Red Months in Russia is a collection of anecdotes, experiences, photographs, official documents, arguments, and explanations. The chapters fit badly together, and a swift journalistic method makes them irritatingly casual. The book is a collection of articles, and not an elaborated discussion. It often rouses curiosities that must go unsatisfied

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or wait until the information wanted turns up unexpectedly in another chapter. The ensemble is bad, yet the whole somehow contrives to be both interesting and informing. The pressure of ideas, however uneven, is never low. The burden of the author's message is that to suspect the Bolsheviki of German leanings was absurd—that no other Russian party was so hated by imperial Germany; that the Bolsheviki are in power because the people want them, and Kerensky out because he set his face against popular demands; that the country is completely socialistic, and no permanent bourgeois regime possible; that what has been done to make Russia over was accomplished generously and humanely, in a spirit of exaltation over the breaking of old bonds; that there is no more disorder than in countries supposedly quiet. There must be exaggeration in this, but it is excusable exaggeration, warm hearted, uncalculating. More valuable to the student of conditions are the descriptions given of pivotal assemblages and events. Miss Bryant was present at the Preparliament and the original Soviet of the Russian Republic, at the sessions of the Constituent Assembly and the fall of the Winter Palace. She is an exceedingly acute reporter. Her summaries are packed with facts. Hardly less valuable are the character sketches of revolutionary leaders—a gallery that includes Kerensky, Trotsky, Alexandra Kollontay, Antonoff, Krylenko, Dubenko, Marie Spirodonova, and other less known or unknown names.

It is a long time in the life of the revolution since the first spontaneous organization of the Red Guard, and the proud stark grief of the Red Burial. Exaltations are ephemeral, and we wonder what, with all their good intentions, the Bolsheviki have been able to do for Russia. Not much, certainly, as yet. Food seems to be as scarce, the mortality among children as high, as a year ago. Enemies of the Bolsheviki say this is due to inherent inefficiency; their friends maintain it is due to hindrances from without. The Bolshevik experiment came at a bad time for experiments. But it is an ancient and usually respected right of nations to try what they like whenever they please. And our debt of aid to unfortunate peoples is not cancelled because we happen to disagree with them.

M. A.

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